THE

LADY'S MAGAZINE,

OR

ENTERTAINING COMPANION

FOR

THE FAIR SEX;

APPROPRIATED

SOLELY TO THEIR USE AND AMUSEMENT.

SUPPLEMENT FOR 1800.

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4 MUSIC—THE CARES of LOVE; an Ode from the German; composed by Mr. W. BARRE.

LONDON:

Printed for G. G. and J. ROBINSON, No. 25, Pater-noster-Row;

Where Favours from Correspondents continue to be received.

On Monday, February 2, will be published,

PRICE ONE SHILLING,

(Embellished with—1. An elegant Frontispiece, designed and engraved by eminent Artists. 2. An engraved Title-page. 3. The newest fashionable PARIS DRESS, elegantly coloured. 4. The Hermit of the Cliff, an illustrative historical Design, elegantly engraved. 5. A new Pattern for an Apron, &c. 6. A Song, written by the late Mrs. Brooke, and composed by Mr. Shield, never before published)

THE LADY'S MAGAZINE

For JANUARY, 1801.

Containing, besides the usual Variety of interesting, entertaining, and instructive Articles,

The History of ROBERT the BRAVE, a Romance, translated from the French of the late COUNT de TRESSAN.

IDDA of TOKENBURG, a Tale from the German of AUGUSTUS LAFONTAINE; and

The PRISONER, a Comedy in One Act, from the German of KOTZEBUE.

THE liberal Encouragement and flattering Approbation with which a candid Public has so long honoured the LADY'S MAGAZINE, and which still continue undiminished, demand the warmest Acknowledgments of Gratitude from the Proprietors, who beg leave to assure their FAIR PATRONESSES, to whose numerous and ingenious Communications they are so much indebted, that they will still, with unremitting Assiduity, exert their utmost Efforts to render their Miscellany what it has always hitherto been esteemed, a Publication equally entertaining, interesting, and instructive.

Engraved for the Lady's Magazine.

The Fatal Refusal.

THE

LADY'S MAGAZINE.

SUPPLEMENT FOR 1800.

THE FATAL REFUSAL;

A TALE.

(With an elegant Engraving.)

IN a western county of that island the union of which with Great Britain has lately been celebrated, resided some years since a gentleman who, though not destitute of many good qualities, was too much addicted to sacrifice every thing to the pride of family and the love of gain. From his earliest years he had cultivated an intimacy, which had ripened into a friendship, with Mr. Julius Darrel, who, by the opportunities this acquaintance afforded him, contracted a sincere affection for the sister of his friend. Miss Helen, the sister of Mr. O'Rourke, was of a character, in many respects, very dissimilar to that of her brother: she was totally free from his pride, and equally a stranger to his attachment to self-interest. Mild, gentle, and unassuming, she accepted the proffered love of her brother's friend, and soon gave her heart without reserve to the man to whose addresses she had favourably listened.

Mr. Darrel now proceeded to make known to her brother the nature of his views with regard to the amiable Helen, and the encouragement which she had condescended to give to his hopes. Mr. O'Rourke made no objections; but it was evident, from the coldness of his manner, that he would have been better pleased had his sister received an offer from some suitor possessed either of a great estate or a high-sounding title, for to such a lover he conceived she was amply entitled by her beauty and accomplishments, and such an alliance he considered as tending to reflect honour on, and ultimately to promote the advantage of, himself.

Still, however, as Mr. Darrel, in point of estate and expectations, was incontrovertibly his equal, and Helen had only two thousand pounds for her portion, their amour was suffered to proceed without any interruption, and would soon have ended in a matrimonial union, had not the young lady attracted the notice, and kindled the ardent passion of sir Allan O'Donnell, a wealthy baronet, allied to several of the first families of the country, and possessing great influence with several of the principal persons in the administration. Sir Allan soon found an opportunity to make a tender of his heart and his fortune to the object of his admiration; but was told, with equal gentleness and frankness, that she could not but consider herself as the wife of another, and that his suit must consequently be in vain. The baronet,

however, was not so easily to be repulsed, and this refusal only tended to render him more resolved, by piqueing his pride and exciting his passion. He applied to Mr. O'Rourke, by whom his offers were eagerly received, and who endeavoured to encourage him with the most flattering hopes; assuring him that he should receive from him every assistance it was in his power to contribute towards the accomplishment of his wishes.

From this time Mr. O'Rourke, instead of the friend, became the avowed enemy of Mr. Darrel, and every precaution was taken to prevent as much as possible his having any access to Helen, to whom her brother took every opportunity to represent the splendid situation to which she would be raised by a marriage with sir Allan, who, it was expected, would soon be created a peer; and the numerous advantages and honours she would have it in her power to bestow, through the interest of her husband, on himself, and indeed on every branch of their family.

But little availed all that he could urge; Helen conceived her honour engaged, and her honour was not to be shaken. Her heart too, the anchor which best enables a woman to ride out such a storm,—her heart was bestowed without reserve on her first lover. Her brother, however, by their father's will, had the power to prevent her marriage till she came of age, of which she wanted more than a twelvemonth. When, therefore, Mr. Darrel applied to him to ratify the consent he had formerly given to their union, as he must be convinced his sister was firmly resolved never to give her hand to sir Allan, he denied that he had ever given any consent either formal or implied; adding, that if he had, he now revoked it, and gave his absolute refusal.

Helen was no[illegible] close prisoner in her brother's house, and every mean, both of severity and persuasion, was employed to extort her compliance with the wishes of the baronet and her brother. The former was frequently introduced to her, and she was obliged at least to endure his company; but his manners were such as rather tended to strengthen her aversion than conciliate her favour. He was rude and arrogant, and could but ill conceal the sense he entertained of his own condescension, in the noble offers he made to a person so much his inferior, and the mortification his pride felt at their rejection. His general character, besides, as she had heard it from every quarter, except himself and her brother, was that of a haughty, violent, and brutal man, hated by his inferiors and despised by his equals.

After having been long deprived of any kind of intercourse with Mr. Darrel, Helen found means to interest a female attendant so much in her favour that a secret correspondence was opened between them, though she was much too narrowly watched for any interview to have place. A plan, however, was concerted for freeing her from her confinement, as soon as a proper opportunity should offer for carrying it into execution.

In the mean time sir Allan suspecting that Mr. Darrel was not entirely inactive all this time, had contrived to bribe one of his domestics to communicate to him any intelligence he might learn relative to any thing that might pass between his master and Helen. This servant, by listening on every occasion, having gained some knowledge of a scheme for delivering Helen from the tyranny of her brother, which as he conceived was immediately to be executed, eager to testify his assiduity in the service of his employer, sent

immediate

immediate notice to sir Allan that Mr. Darrel was to carry off miss Helen,—and, as he had reason to think, that very day. The baronet, alarmed lest his prey should escape him, instantly dispatched several sturdy resolute fellows, whom he had employed on other occasions when he was inclined to use violence, with directions to take their posts at different avenues to Mr. O'Rourke's house; and if they met any persons with a lady, to stop them, seize the lady, and bring her to him. He, in the mean time, hastened by the shortest road to Mr. O'Rourke, to communicate the intelligence he had received, and consult what farther should be done.

It chanced that Mr. O'Rourke, who, for some days past, had treated his sister less harshly, and endeavoured to win her over to his views by more gentle behaviour, had that morning invited her to take a walk with him, to which she had consented, as her gentle nature was incapable of long cherishing resentment even for the most unjust treatment, and as she hoped that he might now at length listen to reason, and cease from harassing her with a persecution she had so little merited. When they had proceeded about half a mile from the house, and while they were deeply engaged in conversation, she adjuring him to set her at liberty, and give his consent for her to act suitable to the dictates of honour as well as the fond inclination of her heart, and he declaring his resolution to persist in his refusal while he had the right or the power to enforce it, they were suddenly accosted by one of sir Allan's brutal emissaries, who abruptly ordered them to stop, saying he had his master's orders to bring the lady to him. Mr. O'Rourke, without inquiring who was his master, made resistance, and a scuffle ensued, in which the villain, finding himself likely to be overpowered, drew out a pistol and shot his antagonist; after which he violently seized Helen, and was preparing to force her along with him, when some persons who were out on a shooting party coming up, he thought it most prudent to relinquish his prey, and run off, muttering that sir Allan might fetch his mistress himself.

To the great surprise, and in some degree the consolation of the unhappy Helen, one of the persons who thus opportunely came up proved to be no other than Mr. Darrel, who had gone out that morning, on a sporting party, with a gentleman who was on a visit at his house; and hearing the report of a pistol, hastened to the spot, where—what a scene did he witness!—his Helen in an agony of terror and distraction; and her brother mortally wounded, and near expiring. The exclamation of the ruffian when he fled, which had been distinctly heard, left no doubt that sir Allan was in some manner or other the author of this scene of accumulated suffering. The dying O'Rourke feebly stretched forth his hand towards the lover of his sister, and, with a faultering voice, thus addressed him: "If I have acted unjustly,—and unjustly I have acted,—may my fate expiate my fault! I perceive I owe my death, though I know not how, to the man whose wishes, self-interest, and ambition prompted me to endeavour to gratify. Take my sister, and make her happy:—with her you will receive my estate;—you have my free consent—my former refusal has proved but too fatal"—he said, and expired.

The ruffian, from whose hand Mr. O'Rourke received his mortal wound, was soon after taken and executed;

executed; and sir Allan O'Donnel, from the odium this transaction had fixed on him, thought proper to abscond and leave the country. Helen and Mr. Darrel solemnised the Hymeneal union: the former succeeded to the estates of her brother, whose untimely fate she the more lamented, as she considered herself as the accidental, though the innocent cause of his death.

The MAID *of the* HAY-STACK.

A German lady of great beauty and accomplishments having married a Hessian officer who was ordered to America, and not being able to acquire any tidings of him in her own country, came over to England. Here she could only learn the destiny of her husband from those ships which had either transported troops to the continent, or were bringing back the wounded. Day after day she wandered on the beach at Portsmouth, and hour after hour she wearied her eyes bedewed with tears in the vain expectation of seeing him. She was observed at the same spot ere it was light, and watched each motion of the waves until the setting sun. Then her haunted imagination presented him mangled with wounds, and the smallest gust of wind seemed to threaten her with eternal separation. Did a ship enter into port, her eager steps led her to the spot, and many an inquiry was repaid with an insolent rebuff. After eight months spent in this anxious manner, a ship arrived bringing her the melancholy pleasure "that some Hessian officers who were wounded were on their passage." Her impatience increased daily. A vessel at length arrived, reported to have Hessian troops on board. She kept at some distance for fear of giving too great a shock to her husband's feelings, should he be among them. He was landed with others. She fainted,—and he was conveyed she knew not where. Having recovered, and going to the different inns, she found at last her husband. The master of the inn informed her "he was very bad," and she begged that her being in England might be gradually broken to him. When she entered the room, he burst into a flood of tears. A lady was supporting him in her arms. What words, or painter, could represent the tragedy that followed! He had married in America, and this person was also his wife. He entreated "pardon," was past reproach, for in a few minutes after he sunk into the arms of death. The lady whose melancholy history we are recording rushed from the room; and leaving her clothes and money at her lodging, she wandered she knew not whither, vowing "that she would never enter house more, or trust to man." She stopt at last near Bristol, and begged the refreshment of a little milk. There was something so attractive in her whole appearance as soon produced her whatever she requested. She was young and extremely beautiful; her manners graceful and elegant; and her countenance interesting to the last degree. She was alone—a stranger—and in extreme distress; she asked only for a little milk—but uttered no complaint, and used no art to excite compassion. Her dress and accent bore visible marks that she was a foreigner of superior birth. All the day she was seen wandering in search of a place to lay her wretched head; she scooped towards night a lodging for herself in an old haystack. Multitudes soon flocked around her in this new habitation, attracted by the novelty of the circumstance, her singular beauty, but above all by the suddenness of her arrival.

arrival. French and Italian were spoken to her, but she appeared not to understand these languages; however, when she was accosted in German she evidently appeared confused; the emotion was too great to be suppressed, she uttered some faint exclamations in her tongue, and then, as if hurried into an imprudence, she attempted to be also without knowledge of this language. Various conjectures were instantly formed; but what seemed passing strange was her acceptance of no food, except bread and milk, and that only from the hands of females! On the men she looked with anger and disdain, but sweetly smiled as she accepted any present from the other sex. The neighbouring ladies remonstrated with her on the danger of so exposed a situation, but in vain, for neither prayers nor menaces could induce her to sleep in a house.

As she discovered evident marks of insanity, she was at length confined in a mad-house, under the care of Dr. Renaudet, physician at the Hot Wells. On the first opportunity she escaped and repaired to her beloved hay-stack. Her rapture was inexpressible on finding herself at liberty, and once more safe beneath this miserable refuge.

Beneath a hay-stack Louisa's dwelling rose,
Here the fair maniac bore four winters' snows;
Here long she shiver'd, stiffening in the blast,
And lightnings round her head their horrors cast.
Dishevell'd, lo! her beauteous tresses fly,
And the wild glance now fills the staring eye:
The balls fierce glaring in their orbits move;
Bright spheres, where beam'd the sparkling fires of love!—
Ill starr'd Louisa!

It was nearly four years that this forlorn creature devoted herself to this desolate life, since she knew the comfort of a bed, or the protection of a roof. Hardship, sickness, intense cold, and extreme misery, have gradually impaired her beauty, but she is still a most interesting figure, and there remains uncommon sweetness and delicacy in her air and manner; and her answers are always pertinent enough, except when she suspects the question is meant either to affront or ensnare her, when she seems sullen or angry. Some Quaker ladies at this time interposed, and Louisa, as she was called, was conveyed to Guy's Hospital.

The person with whom she lodged, upon her death-bed, divulged the secret of the flight of this stranger from Portsmouth, which corresponds nearly with the time of her arrival near Bristol; and future inquiries have discovered that she is "the natural daughter of Francis emperor of Germany."

ACCOUNT *of the* INSTITUTION *of the* KNIGHTS *of* MALTA.

THE institution of the order of St. John of Jerusalem is not attached to, or dependent on, any particular local residence. It has been established at other places before it was seated at Malta. On the knights being driven out of Rhodes, the emperor Charles V. gave them possession of Malta, reserving the *suzerainity*; and to preserve this right, the grand-master paid, and continued to the last to pay, to the viceroy of Sicily, the annual tribute of a falcon. The grand-master was styled prince of the islands of Malta and Goza; and he alone, independent of the order,

order, governed the inhabitants of the island.

According to the statutes of the order, the grand-master must be a Roman-catholic; he must prove a noble descent, by the male and female line, of a certain number of generations; he must have become a monk, and have taken the vows; he must have made his three caravans (or cruises) against the infidels, and have served other offices in the order; and, lastly, he must have been elected according to forms prescribed by the statutes of the order, in a chapter held by all the lay-brothers and priests of the order (or canons) in the place where the order has its fixed establishment. The forms to be observed on this occasion, and the election of electors to elect other electors, are so numerous that it would require some pages to describe them; and they all are fundamental laws, coeval with the establishment of the order; nor could the smallest of them be violated, without the election becoming void and null. The pope, with the consent of the whole order first obtained, alone could grant a dispensation.

Some mistakes have been made with respect to the cross of the order of St. John of Jerusalem (for he does not call it the order of Malta), which the emperor of Russia has bestowed with so liberal a hand.

During the existence of the order under a grand-master, a knight, before he could be admitted, must have proved a noble pedigree on the male and female side; nor were his proofs admitted until a commission of the order had made the necessary perquisitions in the country where his family resided. These were called *cavalieri di giustizia*, or knights by justice.

The cross or badge of the order was conferred by the grand-master on such persons as were recommended to him by sovereigns; and in this case it was expressly forbidden to make any inquiry into their birth, or even to receive any proofs of their nobility. These were called *cavalieri di grazia*, or knights of favour. But persons thus decorated had no concerns with the religious and military institutions of the order, or were considered as belonging to it.

ANECDOTE.

The following history of Thomas Parker, who lately died in America, and who was an active naval officer during the late war, is extracted from his log-book:

"First part of the voyage *;—pleasant, with fine breezes and free winds—all sail set. Spoke many vessels in want of provisions—supplied them freely.

"Middle passage.—Weather variable—short of provisions—spoke several of the above vessels our supplies had enabled to refit—made signals of distress—they up helm and bore away †.

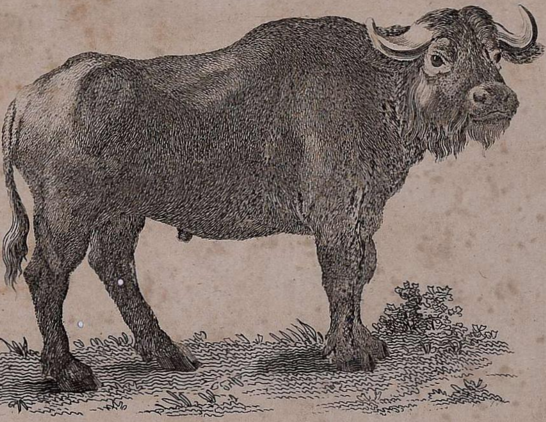
"Latter part.—Boisterous, with contrary winds—current of adversity setting hard to leeward—towards the end of the passage it cleared up—with the quadrant of honesty had an observation: corrected and made up my reckoning, and after a passage of 50 years came to in Mortality Road, with the calm unruffled surface of the Ocean of Eternity in view."

* Alluding to the early part of his life.

† Those whom he had formerly befriended, now, in his distress, refuse him assistance.

The

Engraved for the Lady's Magazine.



Buffalo.

The MORAL ZOOLOGIST.

(Continued from page 640.)

LETTER XVII.

From Eugenia to the Right Hon. Lady ———.

WHEN we enter on the discussion of a subject familiar to our ideas, and obvious to our most common observation, we feel a degree of tranquil security which frees us from the apprehension of not compassing the purposed design. This your ladyship will grant must be the case respecting the next class of animals, which is the hare genus: the peculiar characteristics of which are: two cutting teeth in each jaw; short tail, and frequently none; five toes on the fore feet, and four on the hind.

THE COMMON HARE.

This species is dispersed over all the European regions, most part of Asia, and many parts of Africa, and, by its great fecundity, proves very beneficial to mankind as an article of food. The hare has two cutting teeth in each jaw; long ears tipt with black; and a short tail; there are five toes on the fore feet, and four on the hind; the eyes are large and prominent; the chin and whiskers white; the hair on the face, back, and sides, of the same hue at the roots, black in the centre, and tawny-red at the extremity; the throat and breast are red; the belly is white; and the tail black on the upper, and white on the under side; the feet are entirely covered with hair; and the animal from nose to tail is about two feet in length. The hare is a very prolific animal, as the female brings forth three or four young at a litter; and as her time of gestation is not more than thirty or thirty-one days, she produces many times in the year. The young, when first born, have their eyes open, as they have apparently no eyelids: their organs of sight seem to be weak, probably in consequence of the want of that shelter. The maternal attention of these animals does not continue beyond the period of about twenty days,—their young then being able to seek subsistence, though they seldom wander far from their native spot, but live solitary in distinct habitations, at small distances.

These animals sleep and remain in their coverts during the day, and seldom eat or are active but in the night. Their usual food is herbs, grain, roots, leaves, and fruit; and they have a natural predilection for plants that imbibe milky juices. In winter they gnaw the bark of all trees excepting alders and limes. In a domestic state are reared with lettuce and pot-herbs: but the flesh of the tame hares thus trained is very inferior in flavour to the wild kind. The quality of the soil and climate has great influence on the hare, as well as on many other species of animals. Thus the mountain hares are larger than those that inhabit plains: they also are browner, and have a greater portion of white under the neck. In remote northern regions, and mountainous situations, hares become white during the rigor of the winter season; but resume their natural colour in the summer, except a few individuals, who, perhaps from age, continue white, as the whole species are more or less hoary when they are old.

The hare is of a timid, watchful nature, consequently alarmed at the slightest appearance of surprise or danger, which causes it to flee precipitately. Some authors have asserted it is a ruminating animal, which seems improbable, as it has but one stomach or general reser-

voir. Hares have an acute perception of scent and hearing. Their ears are very large in proportion to the bulk of their body; and, from the facility with which they move them, serve for the purpose of a rudder to direct their course, as they always run in the same direction that the wind blows. This species of animals, from the circumstance of their fore legs being shorter than their hind ones, run easier up hill than down; therefore, when they are chased, they always take to the highest grounds. Their motion is a kind of quick leap or gallop, which is unattended with noise, as their feet are clothed with hair. They are also, perhaps, the only animals which have that excrescence on the interior part of their mouths. Hares commonly sit on their hind legs, and use their fore feet like hands; they are of a gentle harmless nature; and, notwithstanding they are easily tamed, retain an ardent attachment to their native liberty, which makes it difficult to render them domesticated and familiar. They are amply endowed with instinctive qualities, which enable them to seek the means of their subsistence and preservation, and, by various ingenious subterfuges and intricate doublings, elude the search of their enemies, and the pursuit of the hound. In winter they choose southern, and in summer northern situations; and, when driven to extremity by the pursuit of the dogs, take shelter in various asylums. They often swim across rivers, conceal themselves in rushes or clods of earth of their own colour, and also mount precipices to gain a secure retreat. It is remarked that the female does not run so far as the male, but doubles more frequently: her flesh is also esteemed of a more delicate quality. Notwithstanding hares are highly esteemed as food by the Europeans, the Oriental nations do not regard them as a dainty.

As these animals attain maturity in the space of one year, is is probable their existence does not exceed the term of seven years. The male is said to live longer than the female; they are of a solitary inoffensive nature; and so mute, that their voice is never heard but when they are wounded or ensnared. Though hares do not burrow like rabbits, there have been some known to dig subterraneous retreats in the mountainous parts of Baigory, and also to form habitations in the cliffs of rocks.

There have been instances of monstrous productions in this species, such as individuals with horns; but these researches are rather curious, than useful or entertaining: I shall therefore close the history of this animal with some reflections on the cruel mode of its pursuit by dogs, and other destructive means.

Hare hunting is such a common amusement, there requires but little to be said on the subject, as the method of it is universally known; it therefore only remains for me to lament that such an inoffensive animal should be pursued and tortured by beings superior in what is called intellect, but inferior in harmless qualities and genuine innocence;— as Thomson justly and elegantly observes:

Poor is the conquest o'er the timid hare, &c.

Yet such is the rapid progress of this cruel diversion, that, in situations peculiarly adapted to the chase, four or five hundred of these timid animals have been slaughtered at the celebration of one sanguinary jubilee! The savage who hunts for his daily sustenance has the reasonable plea of self-preservation to urge in defence of the depredations he commits on the animal creation; but what can the most eloquent advocate plead in behalf of those refined

fined adepts in cruelty—those pampered sons of luxury, whose tables are amply supplied with the choicest viands, whose appetites are palled by variety, and whose reason is absorbed in the gulf of dissipation?

However needful it may be, in conformity with the designs and permission of Providence, to sacrifice the inferior orders of animals for the support of human nature, it cannot be justified or rendered expedient to torture those victims destined to prolong the existence, or please the appetite, of man; whose prerogative ought to be exercised with mercy, and whose weapons should ever be sheathed and remain inactive, but when drawn forth by the claims of justice, or in the defence of innocence.

THE VARYING HARE.

This animal is less than the common kind, and is clothed with soft hair, which in the summer season is grey, slightly intermixed with black and tawny; it has also shorter ears, and more slender legs; its tail is entirely white, and in the winter the animal becomes uniformly of that hue, but resumes its cinereous appearance in the summer. Even in its hoary state, the tips and edges of its ears remain of their native colour, as do also the soles of the feet, on which the fur is remarkably thick in Siberia, and of a yellow hue. The varying hare inhabits the highest Scottish mountains, Norway, Lapland, Russia, Siberia, Kamtschatka, the banks of the Wolga, and Hudson's Bay; in North Britain it keeps on the tops of the hills, and never intermixes with the common hares, which dwell in great abundance in those regions. This animal does not run with speed, and is addicted to taking shelter in cliffs of rocks; it is easily tamed, and of a frolicsome nature. In the frigid regions of Greenland it always remains white. In Siberia and on the banks of the Wolga, this species, as well as the preceding, are found in great plenty; the former always changes colour, but the latter retains its native hue. In the southern and western parts of Russia there is a mongrel breed of hares, produced by the common and varying kinds, which are subject to a partial loss of colour. There have been also black hares found in Siberia, considerably larger than the common species.

The varying hares migrate in the spring in quest of food, and return in autumn to their native regions: on these occasions they collect in bodies of five or six hundred. The flesh of these animals in their white state is very insipid. The skins of the spurious or mongrel kind are of great use in the hat manufactories, and are exported from Russia for that purpose.

THE AMERICAN HARE.

The American hare has shorter fore legs, and longer hind legs in proportion than the common kind; its ears are tipt with grey; the upper part of its tail is black, the lower white; the neck and body is a compound of ash-colour red, and black; the legs are of a pale ferruginous hue; the belly is white. It is in length about eighteen inches. This animal inhabits all the North-American regions. In New England, Canada, and Hudson's Bay, it changes its summer coat at the approach of winter for a long silky fur of a silvery hue, the edges of the ears still remaining grey. These animals do not migrate, or burrow, but dwell under timber, or in the concavities of trees; they breed in the grass, produce once or twice a year, and the female has usually five or seven young ones at a litter. In the spring they with their young take shelter

shelter in the trees. The flesh of the American hares, especially in their hoary state, is esteemed as food, and proves highly acceptable to the inhabitants of their native frigid climes.

THE RABBIT.

As the hare and rabbit, notwithstanding the similarity of their external and internal structure, never intermix, they unquestionably form distinct species. The ears of the common rabbit are almost destitute of hair. In a wild state the colour of the fur is brown, and the tail black on the upper, and white on the under side. The domestic kind vary in hue, some being black, many white, and others pied. The eyes of the white kind are of a lively red hue. The rabbit species are more prolific than that of the hare, as, like most small animals, they are remarkable for their fecundity. The female breeds about seven times in a year, and has usually about eight young ones at a litter. In countries congenial to their nature they multiply so exceedingly, that, unless they were destroyed by ferrets or dogs, the inhabitants of those regions would experience a scarcity of vegetable productions. The males of this species are said to attach themselves to one mate. The time of the female's gestation does not exceed thirty or thirty-one days; and she prepares for the reception of her offspring by digging a hole in an angular form at the bottom of her recess, in which she forms a bed of wool, which she plucks from her own coat. Exclusive of the rabbit producing more at a birth than the hare, the species is more abundant; as, from the circumstance of burrowing and dwelling in subterraneous retreats, they are less subject to be molested by the human species. From the construction of these secure abodes it appears evident that the rabbit is endued with superior instinct to the hare. As they are equally timid, the sagacity of the former is manifested by digging a retreat to evade the search of man; whilst the hare, by remaining on the surface of the earth, exposes herself to the hostile efforts of her combined enemies. It is remarkable that domestic rabbits never take the pains to dig or burrow; which, therefore, seems to be the effect of particular rather than general instinct. It is also proved, by various experiments, that, when domestic rabbits are removed to warrens to replenish the stock, they dwell on the ground according to their former habitudes, and never burrow till they are compelled by hardships, and their manners changed by passing through several generations. The term of a rabbit's existence is usually eight or nine years; and as their course of life is more tranquil than that of the hare species, they consequently acquire a greater portion of flesh. Young rabbits are delicate food, but old ones are dry, tough, and unpleasant to the taste. The rabbit species, in a wild state, inhabit the temperate and warm parts of Europe, and the most torrid regions of Asia and Africa. They are not native inhabitants of Britain or America, but will thrive in the former, and the southern parts of the latter. They are incapable of existing in remote northern latitudes, except they are reared in houses, and thereby sheltered from the inclemency of the climate. The males of this species have a propensity to destroy the young; and they, as well as the females, seldom appear but in the morning and at night. The fur of these animals forms a considerable branch of commerce. There are two varieties specified in this class, which are the Angola rabbit, and the hooded rabbit.

THE ANGORA RABBIT.

This animal has long waved hair, of a silky texture, like that of the cat and goat of Angora; which is the effect of the climate, there so conducive to the beauty of the brute creation. The next variation is

THE HOODED RABBIT.

This variety is so denominated from the circumstance of having a double skin on the regions of the back, into which it can withdraw its head, and another under the throat, in which it can lodge its fore feet; in the former there is small holes to admit light to the eyes. The body is of an ash-colour, the head and ears are brown. The dimensions, climate, and manners of this animal are not specified; the account of it is taken from a drawing and MS. of Edwards', preserved in the British Museum.

THE BAIKAL HARE.

This animal, which has been denominated the Tolai, is larger than a rabbit, being in size between the common and varying hare. It is red about the neck and feet; its tail is black on the upper, and white on the under part. It inhabits the regions beyond the Lake Baikal to Thibet, where it is consecrated with the spots of the moon. It does not burrow, but, when it is pursued, takes refuge in the recesses of rocks. The flesh resembles that of the rabbit, and the fur is of no use.

THE CAPE HARE.

The Cape hare is a native of the Cape of Good Hope, where it is called the mountain hare. It is the size of a rabbit, does not burrow, but subsists on rocky mountains. It has long ears, dilated in the middle, the exterior parts naked and of a rose-colour, the inside and edges covered with short grey hairs, the crown and back are dusky, intermingled with tawny; the cheeks and sides cinereous; the breast, belly, and legs, of a ferruginous cast. It is probable the Senegal hares are allied to this species, as well as the Peruvian kind. The next class of this genus are those individuals that have no tails.

THE BRASILIAN HARE.

In figure the Brasilian hare, or Tapeti, resembles the European rabbit and the common hare in size and colour. It has very long ears; a white ring usually round the neck; face of a reddish hue; white chin; black eyes; and no tail. Some individuals of this species have not the white ring round the neck, but a white throat, breast, and belly. This animal bears a greater similitude to the hare in its mode of living, than to any other animal; as it dwells in the fields and woods, and does not burrow like the rabbit species; its flesh has also nearly the same taste, and it is equally prolific; therefore it is probably a variety of the European hares that have passed from the northern regions to the new continent.

THE ALPINE HARE.

This animal does not exceed nine inches in length. It has short, broad, round ears; a long head; two very long hairs above each eye; and long whiskers. The colour of the fur is dusky at the roots, towards the extremity of a bright furruginous cast, and white at the tip, forming the general appearance of a lively bay. This species is found on the Altaic mountains extending to Lake Baikal, also in Kamtschatka, and the Fox or Aleutian islands. They burrow between the rocks, or lodge in the crevices, and are found in pairs on snowy mountains, in marshy situations,

situations, or in desolate woods abounding with herbs. From the wonderful effect of instinct they amass a store of provision against the rigor of the winter season in the inclement regions they inhabit. This treasure of herbs and grass they secrete in the recesses of the rocks, or round the trunk of a tree in ricks, of a conic form, which are often the height of a man, and in diameter about three feet. As there is generally a beaten path to these provident magazines, they prove of great utility to the sable-hunters, whose cattle subsist on the industrious reserves of the Alpine hare. These animals are not esteemed as food by the human species, but are the prey of weasels and many other animals. Their voice resembles the note of a sparrow.

THE OGOTONA HARE.

The ogotona hare is a native of the regions beyond Lake Baikal, in the Mongolian deserts, and those of Gobic, which extend to India. It subsists in valleys and on gravelly craggy mountains, under heaps of stones, or else by burrowing in sandy soils; its holes are formed obliquely, and have two or three entrances. In these recesses they form a nest of grass, and, with admirable caution, the female provides several of these subterraneous asylums, that when she is disturbed she may have a safe retreat for her young, as they are contiguous, and have a general communication. They migrate chiefly in the night, and their voice is a shrill bird-like note, but differing in cadence from that of the Alpine hare. Like that animal they provide a store in the autumn for their winter sustenance. This species has oval ears, a little pointed; shorter whiskers than the preceding kind; hair long and smooth, brown at the roots, grey in the middle, and white at the extremity, intermingled scantily with dusky hairs; a yellow spot on the nose; the space about the rump of the same colour; the exterior part of the limbs yellowish; and the belly white; the length is about six inches. These hares are the prey of hawks, magpies, owls, ermines, fitchets, and the Manul cat.

THE CALLING HARE.

This kind of hare has probably obtained the appellation of calling, from the peculiar quality of its voice, which is like the piping of a quail, and may be heard at the distance of half a mile; it utters this cry night and morning, but seldom at any other time except in cloudy weather. It has a head long in proportion to that of other hares, and thickly covered with fur; large round ears; very short legs; soles of the feet furred; the hair on the body soft, long, and smooth, of a brownish lead-colour, towards the end light grey and black, with a soft down underneath of the same hue; the lower part of the body hoary. It is in length about six inches.

These animals are of so recluse a nature as scarcely ever to be seen; but are often taken in the ermine traps. They subsist in sunny plains, or on herbaceous hills, and choose to burrow in dry situations. In their subterraneous dwellings they form many apartments in the form of galleries, and these intricate recesses have but one common aperture. These harmless animals never wander from home: they feed and migrate by night, drink little, and are easily tamed, as they scarcely ever attempt to bite when they are seized; though the males in a captive state seem averse to confinement. The female produces six young at a litter, which are blind and

and destitute of hair when they are born; she suckles them with great attention, and covers them with the downy internal substance of her nest.

The mild and inoffensive qualities of the hare genus is a striking type of the happy effects of amiable rather than shining abilities. In the timidity of the animals we may also behold the native graces of genuine diffidence, proceeding from innate humility; and in the general tendency of their habitudes, by their example, form a true estimate of caution, ingenuity, and an ardent desire to escape evil. These benign propensities cannot but excite your ladyship's approbation, and incline you not only to praise but to protect all those branches which fall under your cognizance. By expressing this hope, I am conscious I am only anticipating those refined sensations which ennoble your mind, and cause you to be venerated by EUGENIA.

(To be continued.)

ALBERT *and* EMMA;

A TALE.

(Concluded from p. 656.)

THE confusion and surprise of Emma at the humble posture of the baron could only be heightened by his address. She had instantly retreated a few paces from the door, which she had vainly attempted to open, and supported herself with difficulty against a book-case:—"Be not alarmed, charming Emma," said the baron, in a voice of assumed softness; "you see before you a man who, till he beheld your incomparable beauty, never completely lost his liberty. Regard me no longer as the master of your father, but as the slave and lover of his daughter, and who only waits her commands to show by his obedience the truth and generosity of his sentiments." During this speech, Emma's gentle frame was agitated by a variety of inexpressible emotions. Amazement, fear, and indignation, prevented her interrupting the baron; but when, on his rising and advancing to her at the close of his speech, he attempted to take her hand;—"My lord," said she, shrinking from his touch, "you must permit me to assure you, that I have no wish but to return to my father: in his cottage all my ideas of happiness are centered. Condescend to open this door, or to admit my departure through that colonnade. My intrusion here was entirely owing to madame de Chalons, who proposed to show me the castle." "How much indebted am I then to her" replied the baron, "for this interview, which gives me an opportunity to unfold the sentiments of a heart devoted to you alone! No longer shall such beauty, formed to shine in palaces, be concealed in a cottage. Accept my affections, and command my fortune.

Indignant blushes dyed the cheeks of Emma at a proposal which she could not misconceive, and all the pride of wounded delicacy rushing into her bosom suspended for a moment its natural timidity, and animated her to pronounce these words. "That fortune, my lord, from which you assume the privilege thus to insult the daughter of a peasant, can neither dazzle my vanity nor tempt my ambition; my humble birth inspires in me no pride but that of virtue, and the possession of no dignity but that of conscious innocence. Allow me to retire, my lord; my father doubtless wonders at my absence." "Your father, froward beauty, waits my pleasure in the castle," returned the baron

baron with a look of anger; "your compliance or rejection of my generous offers will decide his future fate. Recollect, Emma, the extent of my power; dread my resentment, or deserve my gratitude: they each shall be unbounded. If you reward my passion, your father will reside in this castle, freed from the toils of servitude, the witness and partaker of those benefits which my love shall heap upon you. Receive this casket of jewels as a trifling earnest of a liberality which shall know no limits."

While the baron displayed the sparkling treasure to the eyes of the unambitious Emma, she pushed them from her with disdain—"Once more, my lord," said she," let me assure you, that I have a heart impenetrable to vanity, or to any grandeur to which the power of wealth could raise me."—"But," cried the baron, interrupting her, softening the natural ferocity of his features, and gazing tenderly on her, "is your heart impenetrable to love, and cannot it be moved to yield a generous return to sentiments so sincere? Let me owe to mutual affection that which you deny to ambition; and accept the honours which shall be offered you as tributes due from my gratitude, rather than as bribes to allure your compliance."—"Never, never," replied Emma;" my heart will ever continue as untouched by love as by your proffered gifts: it is proof against every sentiment that would injure my honour, and debase my virtue."—"I understand you, presumptuous girl," returned the baron, "you would raise your daring hopes to share by legal ties my name and rank."—"No," exclaimed Emma; "could you stoop so low as to demand my hand in an honourable alliance, my heart would reject the offer, and my tongue disclaim a union, which no entreaties could induce, no authority compel me to accept! After this honest confession, my lord, you will suffer me to quit your presence."

The enraged baron was now raised to a pitch of resentment which banished, at the moment, every passion but that of anger. Mortified pride stung him to the quick; and, viewing her with a look of contempt, "It is well," said he, "your audacity has dispelled the charm of beauty: unworthy of a prepossession which covers me with disgrace, you may return to that obscurity and indigence which befit the meanness of your birth, and the groveling sentiments of your soul."—Uttering these words, he took a key from his pocket, and, throwing it on the ground, left her at liberty. She instantly seized the opportunity to unfasten the door, and to escape. Hastening through the hall, instead of turning towards the offices by which she had entered it, she took advantage of the great door, that stood open, and descending a flight of steps, with a celerity urged by her fears of detention, she flew across the court, darted through the iron gates, and gained the end of the front avenue in a few moments. She then stopped, for want of breath, and sunk, almost spent, under the shade of a lofty elm. Recollecting, however, that she was not beyond the reach of pursuit, should the enraged baron change his mind, and attempt to recall her, she arose, and, casting an apprehensive look towards the castle, she perceived her father advancing towards her by slow steps. Assured by his presence, she hesitated not to wait his approach; and he had no sooner reached the spot where she stood trembling to receive him, than they clasped

clasped each other in a silent embrace. But Emma, urged by the dread of a moment's delay, entreated her father to suspend all interrogations till they should have regained their cottage, which they had no sooner reached, than they each gave vent to the agitations which mutually oppressed them.

The story of Bernard's illness had been a fabrication, invented merely for the purpose of entrapping his daughter in the snare laid for her. As he passed the castle in the morning, he had been met by monsieur Du Val, the steward, and requested to wait there to receive the commands of his lord, who had some designs to communicate to him greatly to his advantage. The good old man, who never yet had formed a wish beyond the sufficiency which his humble station had always allowed him, heard this circumstance with cold indifference; but, out of respect to the baron, waited his pleasure. He was introduced into a pavilion in the garden, and requested not to quit it until the baron, who proposed to join him there, should dismiss him.

He remained above two hours, in vain expectation. The steward at length entered, and informed him that he had liberty to depart, as the baron's sentiments were changed in regard to him, from the ungrateful rejection which Emma had presumed to make of proposals that did her but too much honour, and would have raised her and her family to a situation which must have rendered them the objects of envy to the surrounding peasantry. Bernard, strongly agitated, replied to this harangue: "Then may I truly glory in my child, whose steady virtue teaches her to resist the treacherous arts of seduction, and to spurn at an elevation which would sink her far beneath her lowly birth and education. Let me hasten from a spot once the residence of worth and honour, but now become the scene of infamy and shame."—"Have a care, old man," replied Du Val, "how you tempt the vengeance of your master by such daring language!"—"I fear no danger," interrupted Bernard, "but the loss of honour; and own no real master but that power omnipotent who guards the innocent, and forsakes only the guilty!"—Having thus said, he reached the lodge; the porter opened a private gate which admitted him through the avenue, where he joined, as we before related, his beloved daughter.

The enraged baron, in the first emotions of his resentment, had been induced to banish from his presence the woman who had presumed to despise his offers and reject his love. A momentary hatred took possession of his mind, but it soon gave place to softer sentiments:—Her beauty, the simple elegance of her form, her unstudied graces, and even the innocence which he meditated to destroy, returned to his imagination, and disappointed passion once more raged with greater violence than ever. In the first transports of his anger, he had commanded Du Val to dismiss Bernard with contempt, as an object beneath his future notice. He now summoned again into his presence this trusty messenger — this confidential friend of all his vices. The wily minion soon pacified the perturbed spirit of his lord, with that subtle flattery which he well knew how to administer. He artfully and respectfully ventured to blame the baron for setting at liberty the prey which he had once secured in his net, and advised him to avail himself of the power that his rank gave him over his dependents, and to take by force the

the object of his wishes from the cottage of her father: such a method, he doubted not, would insure his victory over her stubborn virtue, which probably might be affected only to enhance her consequence, or which would certainly yield when fears for the safety of her father should be roused, on her separation from him. This point settled, Du Val obtained the thanks of the baron for his friendly counsel, and the promise of a large gratuity to recompence his services, when, by his assistance, Emma should be inclosed once more within the castle walls.

When Bernard had received from his daughter a minute detail of her late visit, although he rejoiced at her present escape, he foresaw her future danger, and trembled at the fatal consequence which might yet ensue. He knew Morenzi to be devoid of every principle of honour and humanity: he dreaded the influence of his power, and felt his own defenceless situation, which he feared would not enable him to protect his devoted child from arbitrary force and lawless violence. After revolving in his mind every possible circumstance, he had worked up his mind to such a height as to decide suddenly that an immediate flight could afford the only means of security from an enemy so formidable. The castle of Brinon was the sole asylum which he could fix on as eligible, where a sister of his late wife had lived for many years superintendant of the family; and here he hoped he might be permitted to conceal his daughter without danger of discovery. It was distant from Bernard's village about twenty miles, and he hoped that they should be able to reach it in a couple of days. He proposed the scheme to Emma, who easily undertook a journey which would remove her beyond the power of the dreaded Morenzi. They had no time to lose, and, therefore, without further deliberation, began the preparations necessary for an expedition so important to their security. Bernard prudently determined to repose no confidence in any of his neighbours, although he knew himself to be beloved by them sufficiently to secure their secresy, yet he was unwilling to expose them to the baron's resentment, by entrusting them with the secret of his journey. Bernard took with him his little store, the honest earnings of industrious years. Emma made up a small parcel of linen; and neither of them being inclined to repose, they sat down to a simple meal, of which, for the sake of each other, although devoid of appetite, they mutually forced themselves to partake, that they might the better be enabled to encounter the fatigues which they had to undergo.

The village clock struck eleven, the hour when they had agreed to begin their journey; Emma took a mournful survey of the beloved cottage, where she had passed her life of innocence. She cast her eyes upon her spinning-wheel, and sighed; then turning to a wicker armed chair which was the constant seat of her father, she sunk into it, and burst into tears. "Alas!" said she, "I had hoped for happy years to come, to watch here the calm repose of him who gave me being; to tend with duteous affection his declining age, who reared my infancy with anxious love;—I who would wish to be his dearest companion am doomed to bring sorrow on his silver head!"—"Rather," replied Bernard, extending his hand to lead her from a spot where fond remembrance seemed to arrest her lingering steps, "say that Emma was born to bless her father by her exemplary

exemplary virtues. "I triumph in my child, who nobly prefers honourable indigence to splendid infamy! Let us hasten from impending persecution:—Let us quit a place which every moment endangers our liberty and innocence!" Emma started up, cast a fearful look around, and, encircling her arm in that of Bernard, they quitted the cottage, passed through the sleeping hamlet, and reached the road which led to their destined asylum. The moon shone in pensive majesty—all was still—the gentle breeze of night wafted refreshing odours, and solemn silence reigned—save the soft notes of warbling nightingales, chanting their tuneful song among the fragrant hedges, or, perchance, the distant bleating of some wakeful lamb. Emma's delicate frame felt sometimes rather exhausted, and obliged her to rest for a few moments; but her fears did not permit her to indulge long in a repose which endangered her safety. Bernard comforted her by the assurance that they approached a village, where there was a public inn, in which they might venture to take some refreshment, and where he hoped to procure a chaise, to convey them about twelve miles farther, which would place them at an easy distance from the castle of Brinon, and consequently diminish the danger of pursuit. Thus encouraged, the timid Emma moved onward with renewed alacrity, and the fugitives reached the inn just as a travelling carriage drove into the court-yard. While the landlord and his wife were busily engaged in attending to the newly-arrived guests, Bernard applied to one of the servants to accommodate him and his daughter with a room, until a chaise could be got ready for their use. His request was granted, and they were shown into a small apartment that looked into a garden, where they waited with some impatience the arrival of the carriage in which they were to pursue the remainder of their journey.

Having urged their request to be served with expedition, the landlord entered, and informed them that by sun-rise they might depend on a chaise, but that he would not suffer his horses to leave the stables until they had been sufficiently refreshed to do their duty. Observing Emma to cast a disconsolate look upon her father, he said, your young companion may be weary; I recommend her to take some rest in a quiet chamber, whither my wife shall conduct her. Emma, oppressed by the fatigue which she had undergone, and finding they had no chance of pursuing their journey for the next two hours, accepted the proposal, and consented to retire into an upper chamber; where, reclining upon a bed, just as she was, notwithstanding the agitation of her mind, she sunk into a profound repose.

Let us now quit awhile the virtuous fugitives, to follow Albert into Switzerland. He quitted the village where Emma dwelt, with a heart deeply impressed by the perfections of a woman whose noble rejection of his hand, from the most delicate motives, had raised her in his esteem. The count de Bournonville, his father, was a man truly respectable in rank and character: he lived but to promote the happiness of his friends, and had been so uniformly indulgent to the wishes of Albert, that he had every thing to expect from his generosity and kindness. The education of this only surviving son had been cultivated with the utmost attention. He possessed a brilliant genius, a solid understanding, and a heart replete with honour, sensibility, and virtue.

The count welcomed his son with those marks of tenderness which promised every thing to the ardent hopes of Alfred. On the evening of his return, impatient to urge a suit upon the success of which his happiness depended, he requested a private audience of his father, who appointed an interview in his closet, before they should retire to their separate apartments for the night. They met at the stated hour, each bearing testimony in his expressive countenance of the important secret which oppressed his heart. The youthful impetuosity of Albert arrested the count's attention by an instant confession of his passion, and by his reliance on parental indulgence to crown his wishes. The count de Bournonville listened, without interruption, to the character of Emma, painted with all the ardent enthusiasm of love in the glowing colours of perfection. Albert ceased —the pause of a moment succeeded —when his father, looking stedfastly upon him, thus replied: "Ever ready to promote your felicity, I shall not attempt to reason you out of an attachment which you describe as so worthy of your choice. In every thing but birth and fortune you are undoubtedly the safest judge in a point of such consequence as a union for life—but a subject of still more *present* importance *now* demands your attention—you must in future decide your own destiny—I no longer can claim from you the duty of obedience—You are the child alone of my *adoption*; but the *real*, the indisputable son of a noble and unfortunate marquis, the heir of a princely fortune, the real Henry de Clairville! wronged of your princely rights by a usurper, who doomed you to death in early infancy, from which Providence rescued your innocence."—"And who murdered with barbarian hand my honoured mother!" exclaimed Albert, attentive with increasing wonder to the words of the count, and whose imagination had been wrought up almost to a pitch of phrensy at the close of the speech—"This arm," continued he, "shall revenge her sacred blood in that of an assassin."—But suddenly his features softened to a look of grateful tenderness: recollecting himself, and falling at the feet of Bournonville, he thus continued:—"Forgive, O parent of my deserted infancy! the force of nature that suspended in my breast the debt of gratitude which I owe you. Here let my heart ever acknowledge the tribute due from filial love, while my sword avenges the blood of murdered innocence, from whose honoured source I drew my own existence;—but say, my lord, whence do you derive this strange intelligence?"

The count then informed him that in his late absence he had taken into his family a servant discharged from the castle of Clairville, on the death of the late marquis, and who, being a native of Switzerland, had returned to an uncle residing there in credit, by whom he had been recommended. That Prevot, interrogated relative to the motive of his quitting France, had given him a circumstantial account of the occurrences which had passed in the family of the marquis, including the fatal death of the marchioness, and the loss of her young son. "These events," continued the count, "I found, from Prevot's recital, passed at the time when I was returning through France to Switzerland; but so expeditious was my journey that the foregoing circumstances never reached my ear. An infant son had accompanied my tour; and by a sudden illness incident to children, it pleased Heaven to recall the gift with which it had blessed us for a

short

short time. The countess was inconsolable, and I feared grief would have had a fatal effect upon her delicate frame; when an extraordinary incident roused her attention from the indulgence of her private woes, to exercise it on an object whose interesting age claimed the offices of humanity from her maternal care."

Albert listened with attentive silence while the count de Bournonville continued thus his narrative:—"My faithful Durand accompanied us in our travels. He had spent his youth in my service, and by his firm attachment has merited the place which he holds in my esteem. As we were passing a frequented road, Durand, who followed us on horseback, perceived upon the ground a sleeping infant. Surprised to see no person near, and that the child had been left apparently unprotected, he stopped his horse, when, from a wood which bordered the road, a man suddenly started forth, and thus addressed Durand, in a tone of agitation:—"If you have an inclination to do an act of mercy, take charge of this desolate infant: his life will be forfeited should you refuse to save him—spare his innocence, and snatch a soul from guilt. He is of noble blood, born to inherit a splendid fortune, but vengeance will pursue and overwhelm him, unless you generously rescue him."—With these words, not waiting for a reply, he bounded again into the wood, and left Durand in the utmost consternation. The honest fellow, trembling for the fate of the child, would not risk a moment the threatening danger, but lifting the little infant gently from the ground, and placing him on his horse, soon overtook our carriage, and stopping it, hastily related the adventure, and presented us with the foundling, who, awakened by the motion, was pouring forth his little sorrows. The countess snatched him eagerly to her bosom, he smiled innocently in her face and ceased to cry, as if recollecting in her arms a mother's fond embrace—"Yes," said she, dissolving into tears, "thou shalt be protected, lovely infant! thou shalt replace in my vacant affections the loss of my lamented Albert! my care and tenderness shall supply that of a fond parent, and shelter thee from thy barbarous enemies!"—The better to secure your safety we agreed to call you by the name of our lamented son, and to conduct you to Switzerland as such. We swore to secresy Durand and the countess's woman who attended us, on whom we could depend, and who have inviolably kept the secret, which till this hour has been concealed from all the world, even from yourself, whom I adopted with a tenderness equal to parental sentiment. Heaven not having thought fit to bless me with other children, I fixed my hope on you, and had long ceased to expect and, I will confess, even to wish that fate would disclose the hidden mystery of your birth. You well remember the dying scene of the incomparable countess, who had so tenderly fulfilled for you a mother's duties: you received her blessing, and mourned her loss with filial sorrow. I complied, rather reluctantly, with your desire to travel, and obtained your promise not to be absent from me on your first expedition more than three months. The account which we received from Prevot of the unfortunate death of the marchioness de Clairville, and the unknown fate of her infant son, corresponding exactly with the time and circumstances of your adoption, left Durand and me little doubt but that you were the devoted victim of the concealed assassin. We determined, however, not to let our suspicions

spicions transpire before your return, which I daily expected from the last letters that I had received. A week ago, Durand passing through the streets of Zurich, was accosted by a stranger whom he soon recollected, in spite of the vestiges of time, to be the person who had entrusted him with the care of the infant Albert.—"Thank Heaven!" exclaimed the stranger, "I have lived to meet you once again! You have never quitted my remembrance, though many years have passed, since I recommended to your protection a persecuted child. If he still should live, heaven may yet restore him to his rights. Condescend to follow me to my habitation, where I will unfold a story terrible to relate, the concealment of which has cost my conscience so dear."—Durand readily complied with his request, and learnt from him the confession, that being a servant in the family of the baron de Morenzi, he had been bribed by promises, and intimidated by threats, to assist his master in the seizure of the marchioness de Clairville and her son on the road to Clairville castle; but that having been previously haunted by a horrid dream, he had determined to save, if possible, the young marquis; that he consulted with his brother, who was also in the baron's service, and who afterwards lost his life in the action, and they both agreed together, at all events, to rescue the child, the chief object of Morenzi's malice, and the certain impediment to his wishes of inheriting the revenues of Clairville castle. In the beginning of the engagement, Fargeon declared, that with a view to save the infant, he had snatched him from his mother's arms, who had swooned on the approach of the armed villains; and that having escaped with him to the wood, he lulled him to sleep on a bank near the road, where he watched the approach of some passenger whom he hoped to move with compassion: that he waited not long, as Durand was soon after sent by Providence to be the fortunate instrument of his preservation. Fargeon added, that he then returned to the baron, who himself had headed the villainous troop; and found it not difficult to persuade him, that he had, with his own hands, strangled the child, and buried him in a deep ditch. Soon after these occurrences he had married and retired to Switzerland with his wife, where he had lived with an upbraiding conscience ever since upon the wages of iniquity; with this sole consolation, however, that he was in appearance alone guilty of the murder. He had lately arrived at the knowledge of the decease of the marquis and the succession of the baron, which awakened in his mind such remorse for the share taken by him in the deception, that he had almost resolved to return to France, in order to divulge a secret which oppressed his conscience, when he unexpectedly met and recollected Durand, to whom he resolutely confessed the whole. My faithful domestic lost no time in imparting to me this momentous secret. I had not yet disclosed to Prevot the discovery which his intelligence had made to me of your family, but had immediately confided it to Durand, whose report of Fargeon's confession added a strong confirmation of circumstances sufficiently evident before. The secret yet remains between us undivulged—but now is the crisis of your fate, and the moment is arrived for you to assert your claims—to prove your existence—to expose to justice the usurper of your rights—"And the murderer of my mother!" exclaimed Albert. "Little did I conceive, when I attended the funeral of the lamented

marquis

marquis de Clairville, that I was performing an act of duty and following a parent to the grave."

Sleep visited not the eye-lids of Albert, who passed the remainder of the night in revolving the wondrous events which had been imparted to him. Abhorrence of Morenzi's crimes, and meditated revenge, animated every faculty of his mind. But in the midst of these filial emotions the seducing form of Emma would sometimes glide into his ideas, enlightening the future prospect of his life with brightest hope. When the count met Albert in the morning, he found him, impelled by youthful ardour and the thirst of vengeance, resolved to hasten to Clairville castle, and to challenge the assassin of his mother. The count endeavoured to sooth his impetuosity by representing to him that the judicature of France would do him ample justice, and that they were fortunately armed with evidence sufficient to condemn a traitor whose atrocious crimes ought to be publicly punished by the exertion of those laws which he had violated. He proposed, however, without loss of time, to accompany him to France, and to take immediate measures for seizing the person of the baron de Morenzi.—Albert submitted to the opinion of the count, and they set out accordingly the next morning with a large retinue, among whom Durand, Fargeon, and Prevot, were included.

We will leave the travellers to pursue their journey, while we return to the baron de Morenzi. Du Val, ever indefatigable in the cause wherein his own advantage was concerned, had resolved to make use of the first opportunity which should offer, to secure the lovely Emma, in the absence of her father. For this purpose, he arose at break of day, and with two trusty domestics, to whom he could confide the basest designs, took his secret stand behind a thick hedge, that fenced the small garden of Bernard, with an intent to watch his departure from the cottage, and to seize the unprotected victim whom he had devoted to his own avarice, and the licentious passion of Morenzi. While this wretch was lurking in ambush, some peasants, accustomed to call their well-beloved neighbour to the occupations of the day, having repeated their usual signal to no purpose, knocked at the door. They received no answer:—a universal consternation prevailed among them. After consulting some time, they agreed to force the door, and found, to their astonishment, the cottage deserted. Du Val and his associates had by this time joined in the search, and, having no difficulty to account for the flight of Bernard and his daughter, hastened to the castle to inform the baron of a circumstance so mortifying to his passion. Morenzi, exasperated with rage and disappointment, vowed vengeance on the fugitives, and ordering a carriage to be got ready, threw himself into it with Du Val, determined to overtake the objects of his fury. Although well convinced that they had been too cautious to attempt concealing themselves in the village, before his departure he ordered that every cottage should be searched. They took the same road which Bernard had chosen, and they pursued the wanderers as closely as the interval of some hours would admit. While Morenzi was engaged in the pursuit of this venerable old man, Bernard, studiously anxious to protect his persecuted daughter, impatiently waited the approach of morning, when the landlord had promised him a carriage. He had locked the door of his daughter's chamber, intending not to disturb

her

her repose until the moment of departure should arrive, and had returned to his room below, where, anxiously solicitous for the return of day, he stood at a window contemplating the declining moon. He was roused from his reverie by the entrance, through the open door, of a large dog, which, jumping upon his knees, began fawning upon him, as recollecting an old acquaintance. Bernard soon called to his remembrance the faithful creature, when his master, who had missed his favourite, traced him to that apartment, and, entering it, discovered to the astonished Bernard the unexpected form of Albert. A mutual surprise and pleasure made them exclaim the same instant, "Is it possible!"—An explanation soon took place on each side; and the count de Bournonville having joined them, he received Bernard with every mark of friendship and condescension. While the good old man was recounting the occasion of his flight, and the designs formed by Morenzi to betray the innocence of Emma, the rage of Albert rose beyond all bounds, and he solemnly vowed that the monster who had thus injured him by complicated villany should fall the devoted victim of his avenging arm—"But where," said he, "is my incomparable, my glorious Emma?—Let me, by my presence, re-assure her tender apprehensions, and swear no fate shall separate us more; but that from this moment she shall find in her devoted Albert the protector of her innocence, the champion of her honour, the avenger of her wrongs." At that instant a carriage drove furiously into the yard; and two persons alighted from it, in one of whom, as it was now day, Albert recognised Morenzi. The impulse of the moment induced him to follow the baron. They entered a room at the same time.—"Villain! traitor! usurper!" exclaimed Albert, shutting the door, and inattentive to his own unarmed situation, "defend thyself, if thou darest encounter Henry de Clairville, whose mother's blood demands the justice of a son's revenge, from a son who calls upon thee to expiate with thy life thy monstrous crimes!"

The coward heart of Morenzi, struck with the horrors of conscious guilt, froze in his bosom, and he stood fixed in mute wonder and dismay. The count de Bournonville, accompanied by Bernard and his attendants, had joined by this time the unarmed Albert, who might have fallen a victim to the baron's resentment, had not a sense of his own villany, together with his astonishment and terror at the sight of the injured son of Clairville, arrested the trembling arm of Morenzi. The cautious friend of Albert almost by force dragged him from the room; and, leaving Du Val only with Morenzi, fastened the door upon them, which was guarded on the outside by the count's armed retinue, to prevent an escape. The baron had caught a view of Fargeon; and, recollecting in him the man whom he had employed to assassinate the young Henry, he felt a strong and fatal presage of his own impending fate. His brain was seized with sudden desperation: he snatched from his pocket a loaded pistol, and before Du Val could wrest the weapon from his hand, he lodged the contents in his own head, and fell, thus self-convicted, the devoted sacrifice of his conscious and accumulated crimes.

Du Val, terrified, flew to a window, and, throwing open the sash, proclaimed murder in a voice so audible, that he instantly collected together a concourse of persons; who, urged by curiosity, surrounded

ed the house, and demanded admittance into the room from whence the alarm proceeded. The affrighted landlord, likewise, peremptorily claimed liberty to enter; which, being granted on condition that the prisoners should not be suffered to escape, they rushed into the room, found the baron lifeless, and Du Val leaning over his dead master, with looks expressive of horror and consternation. When Albert viewed his fallen enemy, he stood for some moments wrapt in silent wonder—then exclaimed:—"Chaste shade of my departed mother! be appeased,—the arm which shed thy guiltless blood has in his own avenged thine, and marks by this dread deed of justice the unerring hand of heavenly retribution." He then quitted the apartment, and withdrew with the count de Bournonville, who had given orders that proper attention to the body should be paid. They now consulted what measures they should take to conceal from Emma a catastrophe so fatal, till they could remove her from the horrid scene.

Bernard determined to go to his daughter's chamber, and undertook, with cautious tenderness, to unfold to her the extraordinary circumstance, that Albert and the count had alighted from their chaise at the moment of Emma's arrival.

Harassed by the violent agitations of mind and body which she had undergone, Emma had enjoyed for some time the most refreshing and profound repose, from which she was roused at length by confused sounds of voices that proceeded from below. She started up; and, recollecting all at once her perilous situation, which the sun, now mounted high, and beaming through the curtains, painted in strong colours, she felt her apprehension of pursuit renewed. Hastening, therefore, to adjust her dress, she tied on her straw-bonnet with an intent to rejoin her father, when he suddenly entered; and, tenderly inquiring after her health, he found her so apprehensive of danger, from the interval of time which they had lost at the inn, that he ventured to inform her of Albert's arrival, and of his waiting impatiently to be admitted to her presence. The glowing blush of momentary pleasure animated her lovely cheek, but, instantly retreating, was succeeded by a deadly paleness. "Ah! my father," said she, "how shall I avoid him? We must meet no more—I have taught my heart to renounce each fond idea which it had dared to form. Honour demands the sacrifice. Let us fly then from redoubled danger."—"O my exalted girl," interrupted Bernard, while tears of transport glistened in his eyes, "well dost thou deserve the bright reward which now awaits thy courage and thy virtue! Descend with me into the garden, where thou mayst guiltless behold again the worthy Albert, thy faithful lover, and thy destined husband. Let me lead thee to him:—he shall resolve thy timid doubts, and banish that incredulity which speaks in thy countenance."——Emma followed her father, in silent astonishment, to a small shrubbery at the end of a serpentine walk, where Albert waited her approach, and whom, in an instant, she beheld at her feet. "Receive," said he, with a look of rapture, "the heart, the hand of Albert, or rather of Henry de Clairville, the lawful heir of that usurped castle and its wide domains. I hail thee mistress of those sacred shades, where first my vows of constancy and love were offered in the attesting ear of Heaven! Within those hallowed walls a solemn ceremony shall

shall bind our faith—the baron de Morenzi is no more."

"Alas!" interrupted Emma, in a tremulous voice, "has Albert then drenched his sword in blood?—do I behold a murderer?" "No," replied her lover, "Morenzi fell the victim of his conscience, and of Heaven's avenging judgment. Accept a guiltless hand, a constant heart, and a name unsullied."—The count de Bournonville at this instant reached the spot, when the young lover presented to him the fair object of his affections, whom he saluted with respect and cordiality, felicitating them both on their approaching happiness.

Events so extraordinary being soon circulated through the adjacent country, they were received at the castle of Clairville with dread and wonder, but in its neighbourhood with unfeigned transport and exulting joy. The unlooked-for restoration of a family to which they were strongly attached by every tie of affection, gratitude, and duty, broke at once the galling yoke of that oppressive slavery under which the tenants had groaned during the short reign of an usurper, and promised them at once liberty and happiness.

The approach of the young marquis to the mansion of his ancestors being announced, he was met some miles from the castle by all the peasantry, who welcomed and followed him with acclamations of unfeigned delight.

The return of Bernard and his beauteous daughter, who were universally beloved, was likewise hailed by their rustic neighbours with an honest simplicity of heart, to which that envy is unknown which so often mingles with the sentiments of those born in the superior ranks of life; and they cordially congratulated Bernard on the rewards which awaited his merits in the advancement of his virtuous daughter.

As the high and venerable turrets of his native castle rose to the view of Henry, emerging from the thick foliage of the lofty trees by which they were surrounded, a thousand varied emotions filled his noble heart:—tears to the memory of his unfortunate and revered parents rolled down his manly cheek; while gratitude to Heaven for the restoration of those rights which empowered him to diffuse happiness around him softened his filial sorrow.

Bernard and Emma entered their little dwelling with sensations very different from those with which they had so lately quited it. They wafted their mutual thanks to that Being whose mercy had preserved them from the machinations of a once dreaded, but now vanquished enemy. The prosperous fortune that awaited Emma filled her bosom with humble gratitude; but the lowly unambitious mind of this child of innocence, impenetrable to pride and vanity, felt no haughty exultation in the prospect of her approaching elevation to a rank, the splendor of which could neither dazzle her eyes nor mislead her judgment.

The marquis de Clairville suffered not the object of his true and tried affection to remain long in her humble retreat: he reminded Bernard of the promise he had given him of his daughter's hand.

The scruples of delicacy, the conflicts of duty, and the claims of honour, no longer could be urged as obstacles to oppose such generous wishes:—sufficiently had Emma proved the conscientious virtues of her heart.—Superior, therefore, to the arts of disguise and affectation, she obeyed her sather's summons to meet her noble lover at the altar, where they exchanged their mutual vows,

vows, and were crowned by an approving Providence with that refined happiness which disinterested love and irreproachable honour alone can merit.

For blessings ever wait on virtuous deeds,
And though a late, a sure reward succeeds.

CONGREVE.

Sketch *of the* Life *and* Character *of* Sir WILLIAM JONES.

(From the Asiatic Annual Register.)

SIR William Jones was born in 1746, at his father's residence in Wales. He was son to the celebrated mathematician William Jones, who was both the disciple and friend of Newton, under whose patronage he taught mathematics in London, and had the honour of instructing the late earl of Hardwicke in that science. Mr. Jones published several tracts on analytical subjects, for which he had high and merited encomiums bestowed on him by the Royal Society, at that period so illustrious for their talents. This eminent mathematician had in contemplation a work of the first magnitude and utility, which had long been a *desideratum* in literature, and the completion of which would have required all the attention that his comprehensive mind and vast knowledge in philosophy was capable of applying to it; for it was nothing less than a synopsis of the mathematical and philosophical works of Newton, of whom it has been frequently said, "that his name is not so much that of a man, as of philosophy itself." Unfortunately, however, for the advancement of science, a fatal illness carried him to the grave, shortly after he had put the first sheet of his work to the press; and his friend the earl of Macclesfield, to whom he had bequeathed the manuscript, and whom he had particularly instructed to publish it, lent it to an insignificant geometrician, from whose hands it was never redeemed.

Under the guidance and tuition of such a parent, sir William Jones's mind was early formed to regular habits of thinking, and from him he soon caught the generous enthusiasm of literary fame. After having been instructed by his father in the rudiments of classical learning, he was placed at Harrow school, where he distinguished himself no less by his wonderful facility in acquiring the learned languages than by his fine taste in Latin poetry. At Harrow he first became acquainted with the celebrated doctor Parr, who was one of his school-fellows, and with whom he cultivated a friendship that continued without interruption or abatement to the last year of his life.

In 1763, he was removed from Harrow to University-college, Oxford, of which he was soon made a fellow, and where he was equally distinguished for the prematurity of his mind, and his unexampled diligence in his studies. His diligence, indeed, was so unremitting, and his memory so retentive, that before he had attained the age of twenty two he had not only mastered the Hebrew, Greek, and Latin tongues, but had also made great proficiency in the Arabic and Persian. Neither had his searching and curious mind neglected to cultivate the polished languages of modern Europe; and of the French his knowledge was so perfect, that at the age of twenty-four, while he was yet a recluse student in Oxford, he translated the history of Nadir Shah from Persian into French, not only with grammatical correctness, but with a purity and elegance of diction that

obtained him the applause of the most distinguished critics of France. The Persian original of this work was sent to England by the king of Denmark, accompanied with a request from his Danish majesty that some of the learned orientalists of Oxford would undertake to give a French version of it. The difficulty of the task deterred many from attempting it; and if Mr. Jones's anxiety for the literary honour of his country had not prevailed over his native modesty, the Persian manuscript would in all probability have been returned to Denmark untranslated; but his genius, learning and industry, raised the one, and rescued the other from oblivion.

He was now familiar with the French language, and could write it with an ease and fluency that encouraged him to address a spirited letter to *Anquetil du Perron*, containing severe but just strictures on that gentleman's translation of the books falsely * attributed to Zoroaster; together with some remarks on his illiberal treatment of the Orientalists of the university of Oxford.

About this time he published his Commentaries on Asiatic Poetry; which he had written a few years before, but which he had delayed giving to the world, until a more enlarged acquaintance with Oriental literature had fully confirmed him in his opinions on the subject.

He had determined on attaching himself to the profession of the law, at the age of twenty two; and although his studies, both in general jurisprudence, and the common law of England, had been pursued with the most indefatigable diligence, he neglected not, at the same time, to give his attention to the physical sciences, and to carry on, with amazing rapidity, his researches into the literature of Asia. Between the years 1776 and 1784, he published an ingenious and learned essay on the law of bailments; a translation of the speeches of Isæus, with a prefatory discourse and a commentary, equally admirable for classical elegance and critical discrimination; a grammar of the Persian language, which cannot be sufficiently praised; and a volume of poems dedicated to the countess of Spencer, chiefly consisting of translations from the Arabic, Persian, and Turkish poets; and including a complete version of the *Moallakat*, or the seven celebrated Arabic poems that are suspended in the temple of Mecca. Besides these well-known performances, he wrote several short tracts on various subjects, for his prolific pen was never a moment idle. Among his lighter productions, his character of the celebrated John Dunning, lord Ashburton, and his poem of *Caissa* †, merit peculiar praise. The former is drawn with the fervor of a friend and the correctness of a scholar; and it is as much adorned with beautiful and appropriate colouring, as it is dignified by the sobriety of truth, and chastened with the delicacies of taste. The latter is by far the most highly finished, spirited, and pleasing of all his poetical compositions.

The reputation of his genius and great learning had now spread abroad, and his acquaintance was sought after by people of the first eminence in the republic of letters. He consequently soon became known to Dr. Johnson and Sir Joshua Reynolds, who introduced him

* These books were fabricated in France by some ingenious writers, and were long believed to be genuine by the learned societies of that country; but at Oxford the imposture was soon detected.

† *Caissa* is a poem on the game of chess, written after the manner, though not in exact imitation of, the *Scacchia Ludus* of Vida.

to

to the celebrated Literary Club, of which he was admitted a member.

Some time, we believe in 1782, he made the tour of France, after which he resided for a few months in Paris, where he was introduced to court. The French monarch was much pleased with his conversation, and made many inquiries respecting some of the provinces he had travelled through: to all of which he answered him in the particular dialect of each province. After sir William withdrew, the king turned about to one of his courtiers, saying: "He is a most extraordinary man; he understands the language of my people better than I do myself!"—"Yes, please your majesty," replied the courtier, "he is indeed a more extraordinary man than you are aware of, for he understands almost every language in the world—*but his own.*" "Mon Dieu!" exclaimed the king,—"then of what country is he?"——"He is, please your majesty, *a Welchman.*"

In April 1783 sir William Jones married miss Shipley, daughter of the late bishop of St. Asaph, and sister to the present reverend W. D. Shipley, dean of that diocese.

The year following the dean of St. Asaph was prosecuted for publishing a pamphlet, intituled, "*The Principles of Government, in a Dialogue between a Gentleman and a Farmer* *." This tract was written by his brother-in-law, sir William, who was throughout his whole life a firm but moderate supporter of the political principles of Locke and Sidney.

Upwards of a year before this trial took place, sir William Jones had been appointed one of the judges of the supreme court at Calcutta, and had embarked for India on board the Crocodile frigate in the summer of 1783.

In the course of his voyage thither the ship touched at Madeira, the rugged islands of Cape de Verd, and afterwards at Hinzuan or Johanna, a beautiful little island situated at the north end of the Straits of Mosambique, and about a hundred miles distant from the coast of Madagascar. This island has been governed for these two centuries by a colony of Arabs; and here, therefore, sir William, for the first time in his life, had an opportunity of conversing familiarly in Arabic, which he did with great ease, to the no small astonishment of the Mahommedan chiefs of Hinzuan; of whom, and of their island, he has given a very pleasing account, in a paper which he presented to the Asiatic Society, and which is published in Vol. II. of their *Researches*.

He arrived at Calcutta about the beginning of October, and, after having taken his seat on the bench of the supreme court, according to the usual forms, he lost no time in making public his plan for instituting a society at Calcutta for the "purpose of inquiring into the history, arts, sciences, and literature of Asia." The idea of this plan he himself informs us, in his Preliminary Discourse to the Society, he first conceived at sea; and it was certainly a conception altogether worthy of his comprehensive genius. The plan was embraced with eagerness by those gentlemen in Calcutta who were best qualified to estimate its advantages, and to contribute to its support; and being patronised by Mr. Hastings, then governor-general, with that liberality with which he was wont to foster every literary

* This trial came on at the assize of Shrewsbury, before Mr. Justice Buller, on the 6th of August 1784, when, after some of the most ingenious and elegant pleading, on the part of the hon. Thomas Erskine, perhaps ever heard in a court of justice, the jury brought in their verdict—*Guilty of publishing; but whether a libel or not they did not find.*

literary undertaking, the society was soon founded. The president's chair was first offered to Mr. Hastings; but, on his declining it, sir William Jones was elected perpetual president, and he delivered his preliminary discourse in February 1784.

He was now enabled to give full scope to the excursions of his mind; and to gratify every wish of his heart. The wide and fruitful region of Asiatic learning was open before him, and the high and independent situation which he filled gave him a commanding prospect of it; whilst he practised those laws which it was the pride of his life to cherish and revere, and administered to his fellow creatures the pure maxims of justice and truth.

He had long ardently desired to study the Sanscreet language, and this desire was considerably increased by the great progress which he found Mr. Wilkins had made in this ancient idiom, and still more by that gentleman's translation of the *Bhavat-Geeta*. He therefore commenced his studies in the Sanscreet without delay, and in the course of three years made himself so completely master of it, that the most enlightened professors of the doctrine of Brahma "confessed," says lord Teignmouth, in his admirable discourse on the death of his friend, "with pride, delight, and surprise, that his knowledge of their sacred dialect was most critically correct and profound. And the Pundits, who were in the habit of attending, when I saw them after his death, at a public durbar, could neither suppress their tears for his loss, nor find words to express their admiration at the wonderful progress which he had made in their sciences."

The pertinaceous and unwearied diligence with which he applied to his studies deserves to be recorded. He made a regular distribution and allotment of his time. He rose at day-break, and studied till breakfast-time; after which, during terms, he attended his duty in the supreme court, from whence he returned home at three o'clock, and studied till four: he then went to dinner, where he generally had a select party of friends assembled, whom he entertained with the utmost gaiety till seven, when he returned to his literary labours, and did not again quit them till midnight. This was his constant habit, from which he seldom or never deviated. No man enjoyed more than he did the delights of friendly intercourse and the festive pleasures of society; but all his pleasures were subservient to the paramount gratification he derived from the successful pursuit of the great end he had in view,—that of serving his country and instructing mankind; for what Johnson says of Pope may with strict truth be applied to him, "that he was one of those few whose labour is their pleasure."

Notwithstanding the great attention which his professional duties, and the preparation of his many valuable discourses to the Asiatic Society, required, he found time to write and publish some works no less curious than important, between the years 1788 and 1793. These were an English version of the Arabic text of the *Sirajeyyah*, or Mahommedan law of inheritance, with a commentary; the Institutes of Menu, literally translated from the Sanscreet, with a learned preface, illustrative both of the antiquity and value of the work; and an elegant translation of the drama of *Sacontala*, from the same language. The first of these performances he printed at his own expence, and sold for the benefit of insolvent

insolvent debtors; an action so disinterested, that it will serve to do away a very erroneous notion entertained by some people, that sir William Jones was selfish and penurious.

But the most useful work in which he was ever engaged, and upon which, therefore, he was the most intent, he did not live to complete. This was a copious digest of Hindu and Mahommedan law, compiled from Sanscreet and Arabic originals, a plan of which he had presented to government, who had given it their most liberal patronage and strenuous support *. The Pundits employed in the undertaking had concluded their part of it, and the Moluvees had nearly finished the portion which it was their business to supply, when the hand of death arrested the progress of the work, and deprived society of a *Jones*.

In April 1794 he was attacked with a bilious complaint, which, after a few weeks, proved so obstinate, that it baffled the utmost skill of his physicians; and on Sunday morning, the 27th of the same month, he died, agreeably to the uniform tenor of his life, a patriot, a philosopher, and a Christian.

He was buried the day following, with all the respect belonging to his rank; and, what is more valuable, with all the honours due to his virtue.

No monument has yet been erected to his memory; but we understand that a cenotaph suitable to the high merits of his character, with a Latin inscription, written by one of the first scholars of the age, is now preparing, and will be placed in St. Paul's.

The following epitaph, however, which he wrote on himself, and which is just as it is terse and classical, will doubtless be acceptable to the public.

Here was deposited,
The mortal part of a man
Who feared God, but not Death;
And maintained independence,
But sought not riches:
Who thought
None below him but the base
unjust,
None above him but the wise
and virtuous:
Who loved
His parents, kindred, friends, country,
With an ardour
Which was the chief source of
All his pleasures and all his pains:
And who, having devoted
His life to their service
And to
The improvement of his mind,
Resigned it calmly,
Giving glory to his Creator;
Wishing peace on earth,
And with
Good-will to all creatures,
On the —— day of ——
In the year of our blessed Redeemer,
MDCC——

Sir William Jones was of a genteel and graceful person, and of a countenance open, manly, vivacious, and serene. His deportment was dignified, yet easy; his address courteous, yet plain; and his manners polished, yet familiar: so that, upon a first acquaintance, he not only excited the admiration, but secured the esteem of the person he conversed with.

In the society of his friends, if his conversation did not sparkle with wit,

* Fortunately for the interests of British India, as well as for the happiness of the native inhabitants of that country, abilities have since been found adequate to the high task of executing the most material part of this great undertaking. The genius, learning and assiduity of Mr. *Colebrook* have enabled him to give a complete version of the Hindu Digest, which has been printed at the Honourable Company's press in Calcutta, and which we hope will soon be published in this country.

wit, it was, at least, illumined with cheerfulness; and though he seldom said any thing striking or forcible, he always illustrated, in the most pleasant manner, every topic that was discussed, and conveyed instruction with a modesty and elegance that at once captivated and informed the mind.

But this placidity and gentleness did not proceed from a constitutional tameness and langour, to which those qualities are sometimes with truth attributed; they sprang from the union of that temperance and liberality which a virtuous habit had reared in his mind, and which, therefore, had become a part of his nature. Nor was he wanting in any of the other qualities which belong to these great virtues. He was sedate, moderate, and cautious; but at the same time animated, aspiring, and generous: he possessed a proud honour, an inflexible firmness, and a high sense of justice; yet he had not in his disposition any thing of haughtiness, or obstinacy, or austerity,—for his pride consisted in the love of independence, his resolution in keeping aloof from the temptations of vice, and his idea of equity in preserving peace and happiness among man, by making the laws lovely rather than severe.

He was no less estimable in public than in private life. In both we contemplate his character with peculiar satisfaction. As a public man, whether we consider his fine taste, the strength of his mental faculties, or the vast extent and variety of his acquirements, we are equally enamoured of his talents. His intellectual powers were of the highest order. The force and clearness of his understanding no paradox could perplex; the quickness of his intuition saw through systems at a glance; the solidity of his judgment even his lively fancy could but seldom warp; and the retentive vigour of his memory nothing useful or elegant ever escaped. To these properties he added a fertile imagination, a luminous comprehension, and an elasticity of mind which gave a certain spring and activity to all the operations of his genius.

His mind thus constituted was enriched and embellished with the collective science and learning of all times and of all nations. He was deeply versed in every branch of human knowledge, and was familiarly acquainted not only with the Hebrew, Greek, and Latin, but also with the Sanscreet, Arabic, Persian, Turkish, and with the French, Italian, Spanish, Portuguese and German languages. Yet he considered the acquisition of various languages useful only in as much as it enlarged his knowledge of philosophical grammar, and thereby assisted his inquiries into the history of man.

His numerous and elegant translations evince his thorough acquaintance with the radical principles of universal grammar, as well as with the roots of the particular languages on which he treats, while they show the keenest penetration and the most exquisite taste.

Upon the whole, Sir William Jones was unquestionably one of the most extraordinary men that ever appeared in the republic of letters! and, at the same time, one of the best men that ever figured on the stage of life!

Narrative *of the* Escape *of* Charles Sturt, *Esq.*

THE following Narrative of the Providential Escape of Charles Sturt Esq. member of parliament for Bridport, written by himself, is equally interesting from the incidents it describes, and as it affords an instructive

structive example of what may be effected by resolution and presence of mind in the midst even of dangers which seem to preclude all hope of deliverance.

"*Weymouth*, *Oct.* 1800. Saturday, Sept. 20, his majesty, with the queen and royal family, went on board the Cambrian frigate; the St. Fiorenzo and Syren saluted; at ten the three frigates slipped and stood to sea on the larboard tack; about a quarter after I got under sail and stood for the Cambrian, the standard flying on board her; kept on her quarter, and sailed at times round her; half after ten saw Mr. Well's yacht to leeward, beating to windward, and bore away toward her; on coming on her weather-quarter, hauled my wind, and sailed in company with her, observed she fore-reached me, but I joined to windward; at a little before eleven passed under the stern of the Cambrian, Mr. Weld's cutter under my lee-bow; his boat being in, and top-mast struck, she felt no impediment whatever; my boat a-stern, I observed, impeded my sailing considerably; the sea running too high, was afraid to hoist her in; however, struck my top-mast, and made all snug. Both cutters standing to sea, about eleven, two leagues from land, the king's frigates had worn and stood to Weymouth Bay: feeling anxious to beat Mr. Well's cutter, which I saw I should do, could I get rid of my boat, I proposed to one of my sailors to jump in and take her to Weymouth; at this he hesitated and refused: I observed, "You, my lads, have known me long enough to be satisfied I should not order you to do a thing I would not readily do myself, therefore reef the sail, slip the mast, I will go myself." This was soon done; I took my pocket-compass. On jumping into the boat, Ben asked me if I would have another coat on; "Oh, no, no! never mind, Ben,—I can swim in this as well as any I have." Got into the boat, left my yacht, ordering my master to attend and do his best to beat Mr. Weld's; hoisted my sail, and steered N. N. E. to get clear of the Shambles; found a considerable sea running, but nothing but what the boat could weather with ease (for she never shipped a thimblefull of water till I came to the Shambles). A very strong ebb tide carried me to the westward, and on for the Shambles, which I wished to avoid; put before the wind, but, being under a very low sail, could not stem the tide; dared not quit the helm to let the reefs out of the sail, for fear of broaching-to; the tide hawling me dead on the Shambles, where the sea was running tremendously high, and breaking horridly, no time to be lost. Sensible of my danger, convinced I could neither get to the eastward or to the westward of them, I prepared to meet the danger; and, to make my boat as lively as possible, threw overboard my ballast, which likewise would prevent her from sinking to the bottom; the dismal sound of the breakers I began to hear, and soon saw them right a-head: aware of the danger, and convinced my boat could not exist many minutes, and nothing but the interposition of Providence save me, to divert my thoughts from the horrid idea of death, I began singing the sea-song "Cease, rude Boreas," at the same time keeping the boat's quarter to the surf: as I was singing the second verse, a dreadful sea, all foaming, took my boat on her larboard quarter, sheered a-weather my helm, she lost her shorage-way, broached-to, upset and overwhelmed, the sea rolling over and over; recovering from my alarm, without the smallest hope of escaping, I swam to my boat, which

was laying on her broadside: with difficulty I got into her, and held her fast. I immediately pulled off my coat, waistcoat, shirt, and cravat; this I accomplished with much difficulty, being wet. After this I began to consider what could be done; no sail near me; above fifteen miles from the nearest land; a dreadful hollow, broken sea running in every direction, and frequently overwhelming me, gave me no hopes of saving my life. To surrender without a struggle I considered weak; the thoughts of my wife and children, which at that period struck my mind very forcibly (I thought I saw them), recollecting the difficulties I surmounted two years before, in saving some men from a wreck off my house, and knowing that they were saved from a situation as dreadful as my own by the assistance of Divine Providence, this gave me resolution and fortitude to exert myself; I began to clear away the boat's mast and sails, which I accomplished at last, after being repeatedly washed off the boat. When I had cleared the wreck, I got on her gunwhale, and by my weight brought her to right; I got into her, but the violence of the seas, and coming on so repeatedly, overwhelmed me. The difficulty of regaining my boat against such seas quite exhausted me, and the salt water affected my sight so that it was some time before I could recover my boat. Looking round for a sail, and perceiving none, and increasing my distance from land, I began to think it a folly to struggle any longer for a miserable existence of a few hours; however, the love of life (and hopes of some vessel heaving in sight) got the better, and I resolved to use every possible means of preserving it, to continue in the boat. Repeatedly washed off, and buried in the waves, I knew I could not be much longer supported, I must give way. I then recollected that fishermen, when caught in a gale, frequently let a spar or a mast, fastened to their boat's painter, go a-head, and the spar broke the force of the waves before they came to the boat. Having been by this time above two hours in the water, for I upset at twelve, I felt myself much fatigued, and that it was absolutely necessary I should try some scheme to relieve myself. I accordingly took my boat's painter, passed it over and under the aftershort, or seat of the boat; in accomplishing this I was frequently buried under the waves for many seconds, and, following each other so repeatedly, my breath was nearly gone. At this period several gurnets (a large species of sea-gull) hovered close to me, and were so bold as to come within two feet of my head. I suppose they anticipated a good meal on me; however, by hollowing pretty loud, I convinced them I was not yet dead; they took flight, and I saw no more of them. After they were gone, I tried how my scheme answered; when a heavy sea came, I got out of the boat and swam to leeward, holding by the boat's painter, which I had fastened to her broadside; being to the sea, and bottom upwards, the surf broke with force against her, and only a part came over me. By this means saving myself from many a heavy sea, my spirits kept up; but, alas! when I could discover no sail in sight, the sea increasing, and it drawing towards evening, they began to flag. Struggling through such difficulties, without the smallest prospect of being relieved, was but little encouragement for me to persevere; and being full three hours in the water, I was much weakened. About three o'clock I saw two sail near me, about a mile to leeward: no exertion of mine I knew could make them hear me, so made none: beating about for such

such a length of time, without the good fortune to see any sail approaching, gave me little hopes of saving my life, continually washed off my boat, and repeatedly obliged, to avoid the sea breaking, to quit my boat and swim to leeward, consequently diminishing my strength. About a quarter after four a brig came within half a mile; hailed her, stood as far out of the water as I could, moving my hands, and using every possible means for her crew to see me; I succeeded, I saw her men go up the main shrouds, and the crew stand close together, but passed me without offering to lend me the smallest assistance; this, indeed, was enough for me to surrender up a life which was no longer supportable; such inhumanity excited in me the strongest emotions of anger; but, alas! I had no means of redress: I gave up all hopes of being saved. Still further from the land, a gale of wind coming on, the tide carrying me on to Portland Race. I took a valuable diamond-watch of my wife's out of my fob, tied it securely round the waistband of my trowsers, pulled them off, and tied them round the short of the boat; when I had done this, I made a running knot with the painter, intending to put it round me in my last moments, that my boat, as the wind was, would be driven near my house, or Bridport, and that my watch and seal would lead to a discovery of who I was: having done this, I became quite indifferent, death was no longer terrible; and as I saw no chance of being saved, I sat quietly in the boat, patiently waiting for the next wave to put an end to my suffering, and immersed two feet under water. Still tossed about, sometimes in the boat, sometimes holding on her bottom, washed off, and losing her for several minutes,—I found that neither my recollection or strength had failed me, for I always raised myself by treading water, to discover my boat, which, when I did, I swam up to. About half after four, experiencing a very hard struggle to recover the boat, I saw eight sail to windward: it was a long time before I discovered that they were standing towards me; this gave me additional strength and spirits; for the first time I saw a chance of saving my life, and that Providence had watched over me through all my struggles; at five three or four ships passed me without seeing me, or being able to make them hear, the sea running high and breaking violently; three more passed me close to windward, my voice being too feeble to be heard. I reserved my strength for the only two of the eight that had not passed me; a brig came by, I hailed her, lifted up my hands, and fortunately I observed they saw me, for her men went up aloft to see what I was; they then tacked and stood toward me, but did not hoist a boat out; this alarmed me; and having some hours before passed one unfeeling wretch, I almost gave myself up to despair; there was only one more vessel to pass; it was nearly dark, a dismal sea, and within two miles of Portland Race: if this passed me, all was over. I roused myself on this occasion, and hailed her, stood on the boat's bottom, was washed off, got on her again, and was again washed off; however life was still desirable, as long as I saw a chance of being saved. After struggling again and again, I was discovered by some of the soldiers; I saw there was a bustle on board her, I saw men running up the rigging, and shortly after a boat let down; at that instant I was agitated, my firmness seemed to forfake me, for I burst into a flood of tears, and was seized with a violent retching from the quantity of salt water I had

4 Y 2 swallowed;

swallowed; as the boat approached I recovered; when she came near, the sea being very high, I desired them not to come broadside to, but stern on; I untied my trowsers, and threw them into the boat, and endeavoured to spring in myself, but was unable: the crew pulled me in by the legs. I was not so much exhausted, nor my recollection so lost, but I was able to steer the boat through a heavy sea, and lay her alongside, which I did. I was humanely and kindly received by colonel Jackson, of the 85th; and the whole crew expressed a sincere and honest gladness at my providential escape: ten minutes more, and she must have passed, and not the smallest chance of my existing half an hour longer;—my limbs benumbed, a violent pain in my side, with a dizziness in my eyes, and an inclination to sleep;—from the time I upset to that of being picked up I had been above five hours and a half naked in the water.—The ship Middleton came into Portland Roads at about eight o'clock, and at nine colonel Jackson attended me to my friends, Mr. and Mrs. Smith, from whom I received the kindest attention; they thought I was irrecoverably gone, so did their majesties, particulary as captain Ingram declared he saw my boat go down; however, it was extremely reasonable to suppose I was lost, the sea running high, and breaking in a most tremendous manner: he well knew on those shoals a boat could not long exist, and, on the whole a most dreadful evening, it was reasonable to suppose I was no more. Their majesties, with the dukes of Kent and Cumberland, lord and lady Cathcart, Parlet Cathcart: colonels Desborough and Wynyard, generals Goldsworthy, Garth, &c. every soul, in short, in Weymouth, heartily congratulated me on my providential escape; the king and queen with their family, on the esplanade, expressed, in the kindest manner, their very sincere happiness at my being saved. I was most dreadfully bruised, extremely weak, and much agitated, from the kind solicitude my friends showed me.

Tuesday, the 23d of September, went on board the Middleton, captain Rankin, with colonel Jackson, and distributed fifty guineas among the captain and crew.

Captain Rankin, 10 guineas and a silver cup.

These are the men that ventured in the boat:

John Jones,	- -	5 guineas
John Dayly,	-	5 ditto
James Napier,	-	5 ditto
John Woodman,	-	5 ditto

and to the remainder of the crew 20 guineas.

To this narrative we shall subjoin the following account of the preservation, by the humane and intrepid exertions of this gentleman, of the crew of a vessel shipwrecked last winter on the sands near Poole, as contained in an extract of a letter from that place, dated February 1, and inserted in the Salisbury paper.—All who have read the preceding narrative, must feel the sincerest pleasure in reflecting, that the same courage which was so humanely and generously exerted by Mr. Sturt, in the rescue of his fellow creatures from death, did not fail him, and was, by the blessing of Providence, attended with the same success when it was necessary for the preservation of his own valuable life.

Poole, Feb. 1.—Yesterday morning, about nine o'clock, a small cutter, called the Bee, John Nation master, bound from London to the West Indies, came on shore on the sands of this place, in a heavy gale of wind at east. There was a tremendous sea running, and a very heavy snow falling, which rendered

dered it extremely difficult, as well as hazardous, to afford any assistance to the crew. The boats from his majesty's gun-vessel, the Tickler, and several other boats, attempted it without success; and the poor creatures, after cutting away the mast, and doing all they could to relieve the vessel, where left without hope to the horrid expectation that every coming sea would overwhelm them, or to the still more dreadful one, that they must shortly perish by the inclemency of the weather. They remained in this shocking situation till the middle of the day, when Charles Sturt, esq. of Brownsea Castle, M. P. for Bridport, happily succeeded in rescuing them from the jaws of death, and brought them to his hospitable mansion, where every comfort and refreshment were administered to them, which their exhausted state so imminently needed.

Mr. Sturt on this occasion merits the warmest thanks of every friend of humanity. Regardless of his personal safety, which was endangered in an imminent degree, he attempted their rescue; and to his active exertions and perseverance alone are these people indebted for their lives. The sea was tremendous beyond description, and the shoals on which the vessel lay extremely dangerous to approach. Mr. Sturt's boat was several times filled by the seas, and himself and people absolutely thrown out of her into the breakers; he was a considerable time nearly up to his neck in water, buffeting the waves with an ardour which seemed to increase with the danger; he at length prevailed, and had the ecstatic pleasure of beholding a group of human beings, who, while they were yet shivering round his fire side, with streaming eyes and grateful hearts, looked up to him as their preserver, and blessed the benevolence which had snatched them from the very brink of destruction.

CHRONOLOGICAL LIST
Of the most REMARKABLE EVENTS
In the Year 1800.

January 1.

OVERTURES of peace received by the British government from the first consul of France, but rejected.

9. The bank of England agreed to advance three million pounds sterling to government without interest for six years, in consideration of the renewal of its charter.

17. Another overture of peace received from the consulate of France, which was also rejected.

The whole roof and body of Chelmsford church gave way in an instant, and with a most tremendous crash fell to the ground.

23. An account received of the death of the celebrated general Washington, in America, on the 15th ult, at the age of 68.

24. General Kleber entered into a convention with the grand vizier, in Egypt, to evacuate that country; but this convention was never carried into effect.

February 5. The Irish house of commons declared in favour of an union with Great Britain, by a majority of one hundred and fifty-eight to one hundred and fifteen.

10. The Irish house of lords declared in favour of the measure of a legislative union with England.

19. The livery of London, in common-hall assembled, resolved to petition the house of commons in favour of peace.

March 12. A general fast throughout England.

14. Cardinal Gregorio Barnaba Chiaramonti elected pope of Rome, by the conclave at Venice.

17. His majesty's ship Queen Charlotte, of 110 guns, blown up in the harbour of Leghorn, when the commander, and above 800 of the crew, unfortunately perished by the explosion.

21. The

21. The great room in Panton-street, Hay-market, and several adjoining houses, totally destroyed by fire.

Both houses of parliament in Ireland finally agreed to an union with England, and passed an address to his majesty on the subject.

29. The Guillaume Tell, French ship of war of 86 guns, captured off Malta by his majesty's ship Lion, Foudroyant, and Penelope.

Mrs. Jane Lee Perrot, a lady of family and fashion, tried at the assizes of Taunton, on a charge of shop-lifting at Bath, but honourably acquitted.

April 2. A message from his majesty, on the subject of the proposed union with Ireland, delivered to both houses of the British parliament.

The Russian general Suwarrow died of a broken heart, at is estate near Kohrin, in Poland.

4. The island of Goree taken from the French by the British forces under the command of sir Charles Hamilton.

6. The campaign in Italy opened with great vigour. The Austrians obtained an important victory, having defeated the enemy in several points, obtained possession of the fort of Vado, and some other places, and cut off the communication of the general, Massena, with France.

8. A desperate action fought in Italy between the French and Austrian armies, Massena having made a desperate attempt in the neighbourhood of Savona to retrieve the loss which he sustained on the 6th.

9. The Austrians, under the command of general Hohenzollern, forced the enemy's lines at the Bochetta, in the Genoese territory, and possessed themselves of that important pass.

10. General Melas attacked general Massena in the neighbourhood of Veragio, and, after an obstinate conflict, drove him from his position.

18. The French forces in Italy, under the command of general Massena, defeated by the Austrians in the neighbourhood of Genoa, and forced to take refuge in that city.

22. Earl St. Vincent appointed to the chief command of the Channel fleet, in the room of lord Bridport, resigned.

25. The French army of the Rhine, commanded by general Moreau, passed that river in several directions, and for several days after obtained successive advantages over the Austrians, commanded by general Kray.

May 4. General Moreau defeated the Austrians at Stockach, with considerable loss. The enemy captured that important post, took 7,000 prisoners, nine pieces of cannon, and some very considerable magazines.

5. General Moreau again defeated the Austrians with great loss at Moskirk, beyond Stockach. The Austrians soon after retreated behind the Danube.

Bonaparte set out from Paris to superintend the operations of the army of reserve, destined to act in Italy.

7. The enemy in the county of Nice, having been defeated in several actions, were compelled to pass the the Var near Provence, leaving general Melas in full possession of the city and county of Nice.

9. The Austrian army under the command of general Kray again defeated by the enemy, in the lines of the Riss, with the loss of 3,000 men killed, and 2,000 taken prisoners.

Mr. Meynell, who rode for many years at the head of the subscription pack of fox-hounds in Leicestershire, unfortunately killed by a fall from his hunter.

11. General Lecourbe defeated the Austrians at Memmingen with considerable loss, and obtained possession of that place. General Kray retreated to Ulm.

12. A

12. A young lady, named Ceeson, a very rich heiress, in the county of Anglesea, going hastily down stairs on her wedding-day, a few minutes after the marriage ceremony was performed, slipped her foot, fell to the bottom, and expired immediately.

13. Bonaparte, with the army of reserve, set out for Lausanne, to pass the Alps, on his way to Italy.

15. While his majesty was reviewing the first division of grenadier guards in Hyde Park, a bullet was discharged from a musket in the front rank, which passed through the thigh of a gentleman who stood but a few yards' distant from the king. It appeared, however, upon strict inquiry, that the ball was not fired with any evil design. The accident was occasioned by the soldier inadvertently leaving a loaded cartridge in his cartouch-box.

On the evening of the above day their majesties and the princesses went to Drury-lane theatre. Just as the king entered the royal box, a pistol, loaded with slugs, was discharged at his sacred person from the pit. The assassin, whose name is Hadfield, was instantly secured, and shortly after brought to trial, but acquitted, on the score of insanity. He is however detained in custody as a lunatic.

19. Napper Tandy's plea of forcible detention at Hamburgh, by which he was prevented from surrendering himself, according to the fugitive act, was admitted by the court of King's Bench in Ireland.

28. Official accounts received of the recommencement of hostilities in Egypt, and of general Kleber having obtained a decisive victory over the army of the grand vizier, and got possession of Cairo and other places.

June 4. His majesty's birth-day celebrated with much splendor and festivity. The whole of the volunteer associations of the metropolis and its environs, amounting to upwards of 12,000, were in the morning reviewed by the king in Hyde Park, notwithstanding the extreme unfavourableness of the weather.

5. Sir Francis Buller, one of the judges of the Court of Common Pleas, died, after a tedious illness.

7. The French army, under the orders of general Massena, evacuated Genoa by capulation, having been literally starved out.

13. The union bill passed both houses of parliament in Ireland.

Hertfordshire volunteers reviewed by his Majesty in Hatfield Park.

14. The memorable battle of Maringo, which decided the fate of the last campagin, was fought this day. The Austrians were totally defeated, with the loss of fifteen thousand men, killed, wounded, and taken prisoners, and forty pieces of cannon.

General Kleber assassinated at Grand Cairo in Egypt. He was succeeded in the command of the French troops in that country by general Menou.

20. A convention signed between the emperor of Germany and the king of England, by which the former bound himself to continue the war against France till the end of February 1801.

July 2. His majesty went in state to the house of lords, to give the royal assent to the bill for the union of the kingdoms of Great Britain and Ireland.

12. The first stone of the new wet dock at the Isle of Dogs laid by the right honourable William Pitt.

15. An armistice concluded in Germany between generals Moreau and Kray.

28. Preliminaries of peace signed between Austria and France at Paris, by count St. Julien and M. Talleyrand, which however the emperor refused to ratify.

August 1. The Irish parliament prorogued.

9. Admiral

9. Admiral Dickson sailed with a squadron to the Sound.

29. A convention signed at Copenhagen by the British and Danish ministers, by which the differences between the two countries were partly adjusted; and the Danish convoy detained in the Downs was in consequence permitted to depart.

31. A proposal made to our government, by the French consulate, for a naval armistice, which was rejected.

September 5. The important island of Malta surrendered, for want of provisions, to the British forces, commanded by general Pigot, after a blockade of two years.

11. The emperor of Russia ordered an embargo to be laid on all British vessels at Riga, in consequence of the dispute which had existed between England and Denmark; which, however, was soon after taken off.

15. Serious commotions took place in London, in consequence of the high price of provisions. The tumult continued for six days.

21. A fresh armistice concluded between Austria and France, at Hohenlinden.

25. The Dutch island of Curaçoa, in the West Indies, taken possession of by his majesty's ship Nereide, together with a vast quantity of stores, and several vessels in the harbour.

October 3. A convention of amity and commerce concluded at Paris between America and France.

6. A great fire broke out in Wapping, which destroyed nearly thirty houses.

14. The French invaded Tuscany, and took possession of the whole of that country.

28. Count Cobentzel arrived at Paris from Vienna in the character of minister plenipotentiary from his Imperial majesty, to treat of peace with the French republic.

November 9. A violent storm of wind, which did considerable damage along the English coast, and extended to a great distance on the continent.

His majesty's ship the Marlborough lost on the coast of France: the crew were fortunately saved.

18. The emperor of Russia laid an embargo on all English ships in his ports, ordered their crews to be marched to a considerable distance up the country, and laid a sequestration on all British property.

21. A body of Prussian troops took possession of Cruxhaven, in consequence of a Prussian vessel having been taken by an English cruizer.

29. Hostilities recommenced in Bavaria between the French and Austrians.

December 3. The Austrians defeated by the French at Hohenlinden, with the loss of nearly ten thousand men made prisoners, besides several thousands killed, and eighty pieces of cannon.

5. A proclamation issued enjoining œconomy in the consumption of bread.

24. An extraordinary attempt made to assassinate Bonaparte as he was going to the opera, by means of a combustible placed in a waggon in one of the streets through which he passed, and which blew up on the arrival of his carriage. He received however no personal injury; but five persons were killed and 15 wounded: the fronts of several houses were greatly damaged.

25. A new armistice signed between the Austrians and French, by which the emperor gave up a number of strong places as a pledge of his intention to conclude an immediate peace.

POETICAL ESSAYS.

THE FEMALE VAGRANT.

From Lyrical Ballads.

BY Derwent's side my father's cottage
stood, [told)
(The woman thus her artless story
One field, a flock, and what the neigh-
b'ring flood [mines of gold.
Supplied, to him were more than
Light was my sleep, my days in trans-
port roll'd, [along the shore
With thoughtless joy I stretch'd
My father's nets, or watch'd, when
from the fold
High o'er the cliffs I led my fleecy
store, [twinkling oar.
A dizzy depth below! his boat and

My father was a good and pious man,
An honest man, by honest parents
bred;
And I believe that, soon as I began
To lisp, he made me kneel beside
my bed,
And in his hearing there my pray'rs I
said; [taught,
And afterwards, by my good father
I read, and lov'd the books in which I
read;
For books in ev'ry neighb'ring house
I sought, [pleasure brought.
And nothing to my mind a sweeter

Can I forget what charms did once
adorn [mint, and thyme,
My garden, stor'd with pease, and
And rose and lily for the sabbath morn;
The sabbath bells and their delight-
ful chime; [ing time;
The gambols and wild freaks at shear-
My hen's rich nest through long
grass scarce espied; [prime;
The cowslip-gath'ring at May's dewy
The swans that, when I sought the
water-side,
From far to meet me came, spreading
their snowy pride?

The staff I yet remember which upbore
The bending body of my aged sire;
His seat beneath the honey'd sycamore,
When the bees humm'd, and chair
by winter fire;
When market-morning came, the neat
attire [self I deck'd;
With which, tho' bent on haste, my-
My watchful dog, whose starts of fu-
rious ire, [have check'd;
When stranger pass'd, so often I
The red-breast known for years,
which at my casement peck'd.

The suns of twenty summers danc'd
along— [away:
Ah! little mark'd how fast they roll'd
Then rose a mansion proud our woods
among, [sway.
And cottage after cottage own'd its
No joy to see a neighbouring house, or
stray [master took:
Through pastures not his own, the
My father dar'd his greedy wish gain-
say,
He lov'd his old hereditary nook,
And ill could I the thought of such
sad parting brook.

But when he had refus'd the proffer'd
gold,
To cruel inj'ries he became a prey,
Sore travers'd in whate'er he bought
and sold: [day,
His troubles grew upon him day by
Till all his substance fell into decay.
His little range of water was denied;
All but the bed where his old body lay,
All, all was seiz'd, and weeping, side
by side, [jur'd might abide.
We sought a home where we unin-

Can I forget that miserable hour,
When from the last hill-top my sire
survey'd, [tow'r,
Peering above the trees, the steeple
That on his marriage-day sweet mu-
sic made?

Till then he hop'd his bones might there
be laid [bow'rs:
Close by my mother in their native
Bidding me trust in God, he stood and
pray'd.
I could not pray:—through tears that
fell in show'rs,
Glimmer'd our dear-lov'd home,
alas! no longer ours!

There was a youth whom I had lov'd
so long, [say:
That when I lov'd him not I cannot
'Mid the green mountains many and
many a song [in May.
We two had sung, like little birds
When we began to tire of childish
play, [prize each other:
We seem'd still more and more to
We talk'd of marriage, and our mar-
riage-day; [brother,
And I in truth did love him like a
For never would I hope to meet with
such another.

His father said, that to a distant town
He must repair, to ply the artist's
trade: [known!
What tears of bitter grief till then un-
What tender vows our last sad kiss
delay'd! [aid:
To him we turn'd:—we had no other
Like one reviv'd, upon his neck I
wept; [said,
And her whom he had lov'd in joy, he
He well could love in grief. His faith
he kept; [father slept.
And in a quiet home once more my
Four years each day with daily bread
was blest, [supplied;
By constant toil and constant pray'r
Three lovely infants lay upon my
breast; [I sigh'd,
And, often viewing their sweet smiles,
And knew not why. My happy father
died [ren's meal:
When sad distress reduc'd the child-
Thrice happy! that from him the grave
did hide [silent wheel,
The empty loom, cold hearth, and
And tears that flow'd for ills which
patience could not heal.

'Twas a hard change, an evil time was
come; [gain;
We had no hope, and no relief could
But soon, with grand parade, the noisy
drum [want and pain.
Beat round, to sweep the streets from
My husband's arms now only serv'd to
strain [his view:
Me and his children hung'ring in
In such dismay my prayers and tears
were vain;
To join those miserable men he flew:
And now to the sea-coast with num-
bers more we drew.

There foul neglect for months and
months we bore,
Nor yet the crowded fleet its anchor
stirr'd,
Green fields before us and our native
shore;
By fever from polluted air incurr'd,
Ravage was made, for which no knell
was heard; [nor knew,
Fondly we wish'd, and wish'd away,
'Mid that long sickness and that hope
deferr'd, [must view:
That happier days we never more
The parting signal stream'd, at last
the land withdrew.

But from delay the summer calms were
past.
On as we drove, the equinoctial deep
Ran mountains high before the howl-
ing blast. [sleep
We gaz'd with terror on the gloomy
Of them that perish'd in the whirl-
wind's sweep;
Untaught that soon such anguish
must ensue,
Our hopes such harvest of affliction reap,
That we the mercy of the waves
should rue. [devoted crew.
We reach'd the western world, a poor

Oh! dreadful price of being, to resign
All that is dear in being! better far
In Want's most lonely cave till death
to pine, [star;
Unseen, unheard, unwatch'd by any
Or in the streets and walks where proud
men are,
Better our dying bodies to obtrude,
Than, dog-like, wading at the heels of
War, [brood
Protract a curst existence, with the
That lap (their very nourishment!)
their brother's blood.

The pains and plagues that on our heads
came down,
Disease and famine, agony and fear,
In wood or wilderness, in camp or town,
It would thy brain unsettle ev'n to
hear.

All

All perish'd—all in one remorseless
year, [by sword
Husband and children! one by one,
And rav'nous plague, all perish'd:
every tear [board
Dried up, despairing, desolate, on
A British ship I wak'd, as from a
trance restor'd.

Peaceful as some immeasurable plain,
By the first beams of dawning light
impress'd, [main.
In the calm sunshine slept the glitt'ring
The very ocean has its hour of rest,
That comes not to the human mourner's
breast. [mortal care,
Remote from man, and storms of
A heav'nly silence did the waves invest;
I look'd and look'd along the silent
air, [despair.
Until it seem'd to bring a joy to my

Ah! how unlike those late terrific
sleeps! [famine spoke,
And groans, that rage of racking
Where looks inhuman dwelt on fest'r-
ing heaps! [like smoke!
The breathing pestilence that rose
The shriek that from the distant battle
broke! [the pallid host
The mine's dire earthquake, and
Driv'n by the bomb's incessant thun-
der-stroke
To loathsome vaults, where heart-
sick Anguish toss'd,
Hope died, and Fear itself in agony
was lost!

Yet does that burst of woe congeal my
frame, [heave and gape;
When the dark streets appear'd to
While, like a sea, the storming army
came, [tic shape;
And Fire from Hell rais'd his gigan-
And Murder, by the ghastly gleam,
and Rape [and the child!
Seiz'd their joint prey, the mother
But from these crazing thoughts, my
brain, escape! [soft and mild,
For weeks the balmy air breath'd
And on the gliding vessel Heav'n
and Ocean smil'd.

Some mighty gulf of separation past,
I seem'd transported to another
world:— [from the mast
A thought resign'd with pain, when,
Th' impatient mariner the sail un-
furl'd,
And whistling, call'd the wind that
hardly curl'd
The silent sea. From the sweet
thoughts of home,
And from all hope I was for ever hurl'd.
For me—farthest from earthly port
to roam
Was best, could I but shun the spot
where man might come.

And oft, robb'd of my perfect mind, I
thought [found:
At last my feet a resting-place had
Here will I weep in peace (so Fancy
wrought), [round;
Roaming th' illimitable waters
Here watch, of ev'ry human friend dis-
own'd, [flood—
All day, my ready tomb the ocean
To break my dream, the vessel reach'd
its bound: [I stood,
And homeless, near a thousand homes
And near a thousand tables pin'd,
and wanted food.

By grief enfeebled was I turn'd adrift,
Helpless as sailor cast on desart rock;
Nor morsel to my mouth that day did lift,
Nor dar'd my hand at any door to
knock. [the cock
I lay, where, with his drowsy mates,
From the cross timber of an out-house
hung; [clock!
How dismal toll'd, that night, the city
At morn my sick heart hunger
scarcely stung,
Nor to the beggar's language could
I frame my tongue.

So pass'd another day, and so the third;
Then did I try, in vain, the crowd's
resort, [stirr'd,
In deep despair, by frightful wishes
Near the sea-side I reach'd a ruin'd
fort: [more support,
There, pains which nature could no
With blindness link'd, did on my
vitals fall; [short
Dizzy my brain, with interruption
Of hideous sense; I sunk, nor step
could crawl, [b'ring hospital.
And thence was borne away to neigh-
Recov'ry came with food: but still my
brain [mory.
Was weak, nor of the past had me-
I heard my neighbours in their beds
complain [me;
Of many things which never troubled

Of feet still bustling round with busy glee, [had no part,
Of looks where common kindness
Of service done with careless cruelty,
Fretting the fever round the languid heart,
And groans which, as they said, would make a dead man start.

These things just serv'd to stir the torpid sense,
Nor pain nor pity in my bosom rais'd,
Mem'ry, though slow, return'd with strength, and thence
Dismiss'd, again on open day I gaz'd
At houses, men, and common light, amaz'd. [retir'd,
The lanes I sought, and, as the sun
Came where, beneath the trees, a faggot blaz'd; [fate inquir'd,
The wild brood saw me weep, my
And gave me food and rest, more welcome, more desir'd.

My heart is touch'd to think that men like these, [first relief;
The rude earth's tenants, were my
How kindly did they paint their vagrant ease, [not grief!
And their long holiday that fear'd
For all belong'd to all, and each was chief. [grating road
No plough their sinews strain'd; on
No wain they drove, and yet the yellow sheaf [stow'd:
In ev'ry vale for their delight was
For them, in Nature's field, the milky udder flow'd.

Semblance, with straw and pannier'd ass, they made [to door;
Of potters wand'ring on from door
But life of happier sort to me pourtray'd,
And other joys my fancy to allure;
The bagpipe dinning on the midnight moor [boon
In barn up-lighted, and companions
Well met from far with revelry secure,
In depth of forest glade, when jocund June
Roll'd fast along the sky his warm and genial moon.

But ill it suited me, in journey dark,
O'er moor and mountain, midnight theft to hatch; [ful bark,
To charm the surly house-dog's faith-
Or hang on tiptoe at the lifted latch;
The gloomy lantern, and the dim blue match,
The black disguise, the warning whistle shrill,
And ears still busy at its nightly watch,
Were not for me, brought up in nothing ill;
Besides, on griefs so fresh my thoughts were brooding still.

What could I do, unaided and unblest?
Poor father! gone was ev'ry friend of thine:
And kindred of dead husband are at best
Small help, and after marriage such as mine
With little kindness would to me incline.
Ill was I then for toil or service fit;
With tears, whose course no effort could confine,
By highway side forgetful would I sit
Whole hours, my idle arms in moping sorrow knit.

I liv'd upon the mercy of the fields,
And oft of cruelty the sky accus'd;
On hazard, or what gen'ral bounty yields,
Now coldly giv'n, now utterly refus'd.
The fields I for my bed have often us'd:
But, what afflicts my peace with keenest ruth,
Is, that I have my inner self abus'd,
Foregone the home delight of constant truth,
And clear and open soul, so priz'd in fearless youth.

Three years a wand'rer, often have I view'd,
In tears, the sun tow'rds that country tend
Where my poor heart lost all its fortitude:
And now across this moor my steps I bend—
Oh! tell me whither—for no earthly friend
Have I!——She ceas'd, and, weeping, turn'd away,
As if because her tale was at an end.
She wept;—because she had no more to say
Of that perpetual weight which on her spirits lay.

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